

(H.) THE DUNCIAD. WITH NOTES VARIORUM,
AND THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS. LONDON)
PRINTED FOR LAWTON GILLIVER AT HOMER'S
HEAD, AGAINST ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, FLEET
STREET, 1729/ 8vo. In two out of four copies which
are before us, the frontispiece is the Ass, with the
words DEFEROR IN VICUM VEDENTEM THUS ET
ODORES. This is obviously printed from the
vignette cut out from the engraved title-page to
the Dod 4to. In two copies, including one belong-
ing to Mr. Peter Cunningham, with Pope's auto-
graph on the title-page, the frontispiece is the
Owl, with a variation which is described in our
Note of edition (I).

That this edition followed the one last de-
scribed (G.), Dob's defence of his errata shows
pretty clearly.

This volume corresponds generally with the
preceding. It has, however, at the end of the
index an address, M. Scriblerus Lectori, setting
forth certain errata, which occupies two pages.

NOTE.—Here we may notice, that in two copies
of Gilliver's 8vo. edition (H.), which have been sent
to us, we have found inserted an additional plate.
In one copy it precedes the first ~~canto~~; in the other
it is placed at the commencement of the second
~~canto~~. It is the *Owl* frontispiece, but with vari-
ations; and is from the *owl*-plate which appears in
the later impressions. The variations are,—1. In
the label issuing from the beak of the owl, where we
have the word "Variorum" introduced. 2. In the
pile of books on which the owl is perched, where
"Gildon & Woolston agst X^t," takes the place of
"P. & K. Arthur;" and "Blackmore" takes the
place of "Newcastle." The copies in which this

additional plate is inserted, would be said to be
in their original binding. As Pope, in his letter
to Swift, dated Oct. 9, 1729, says —

"If in any particular, anything be stated or mentioned
in a different manner from what You-like, pray tell me
freely, that the *new Editions* now coming out here may
have it rectify'd,"—

it is possible that this owl-plate had been engraved
for the purpose of being used for the Dod edition
(I.); which, however, appeared, as we have seen,
with the Ass frontispiece. The paragraph is im-
mediately followed by another, which certainly
does not clear up the mystery :

"You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the
quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams
cast in, which I wish had been increased by your ac-
quaintance in Ireland."

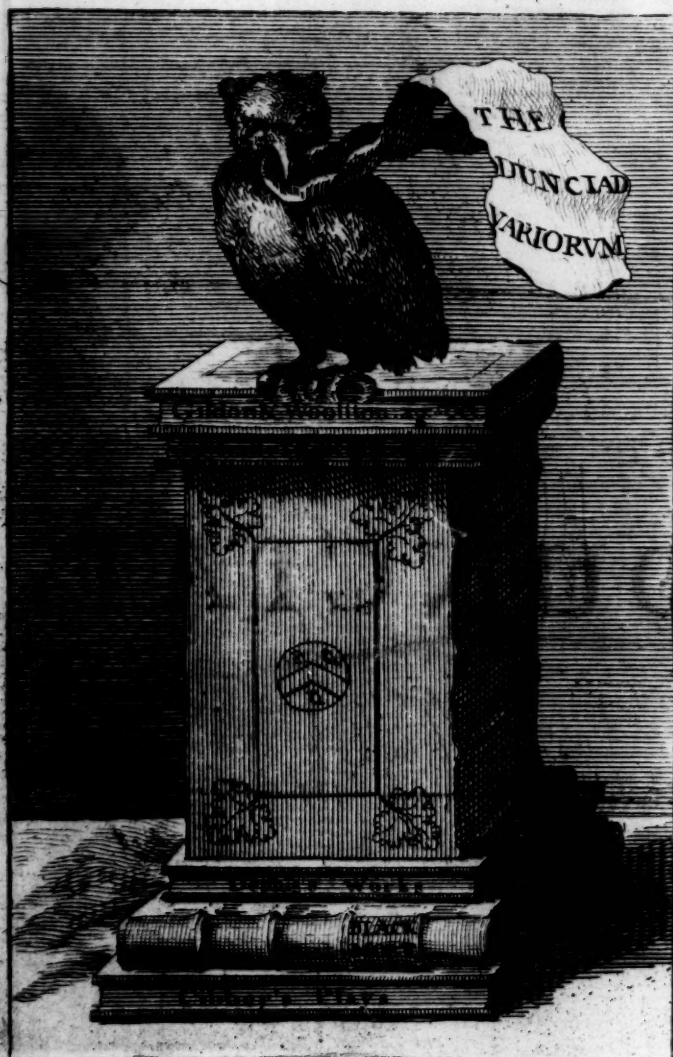
Mr. Malone, to whom the copy of H. with
Pope's autograph had belonged, has inserted the
following note :

"First published in this improved state in 4^{to} in April,
1729 (price 6s. 6d.), near a year after the first production.
In 8^{vo} same month. A second edition 'with additional
Notes and Epigrams' in Novr."

Pope's *Letter*, which we have just quoted, is
however dated in October; and we have no
doubt it refers to the following : [K]

12274 i. 8.

THE
DUNCIAD.



N Pope (A.)

THE
DUNCIAD.

With NOTES

VARIORUM,
AND THE
PROLEGOMENA
OF
SCRIBLERUS.

LONDON:

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at
Homer's Head, against *St. Dunstan's*
Church, *Fleetstreet*, 1729.

THE
DUNCIAD.

With Notes

VARIORUM

AND THE

PROLEGOMENA



SCRIBERUS

LONDON:

Printed for LAWTON GRIFFITHS at
Hewer's Head, against St. Dunstons
Church, Fleetway, 1799.

PIECES contained in this BOOK.

THE PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A LETTER to the Publisher, occasioned by the present Edition of the DUNCIAD.

The Prolegomena of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

TESTIMONIES of AUTHORS concerning our Poet and his Works.

A DISSERTATION of the POEM.

DUNCIADOS PERIOCHA: Or, Arguments to the Books.

The DUNCIAD, in three Books.

NOTES VARIORUM: Being the *Scholia* of the learned M. SCRIBLERUS and Others, with the *Adversaria* of JOHN DENNIS, LEWIS THEOBALD, EDMUND CURL, the JOURNALISTS, &c.

INDEX of PERSONS celebrated in this Poem.

INDEX of THINGS (including Authors) to be found in the Notes.

APPENDIX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT will be sufficient to say of this Edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and compleat copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared: I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the Names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the Innocent from any false Applications; whereas in the former editions which had no more than the Initial letters, he was made, by Keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends the Poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will it have one advantage over most Commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very Obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which most people love to be let into, tho' the Men or the Things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the Persons it was judg'd proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE)

it seem'd but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, or when he dy'd.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief Offenders; 'tis only as as a paper pinn'd upon the breast, to mark the Enormities for which they suffer'd; lest the Correction only should be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten.

In some Articles, it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's Characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted, are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such Works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his Manner is well enough known, and approv'd by all but those who are too much concern'd to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies, and Allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If any man from the frequency of the former, may think the Poem too much a Cento; our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest, which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin Poets professedly valued themselves.



A
L E T T E R
 TO THE
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the present

Edition of the **DUNCIAD.**

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Copy of the **DUNCIAD**, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary ; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a **COMMENTARY** : a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approv'd of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occur'd to me I herewith send you : You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others ;

B

since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engag'd by humanity to some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended,

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately publish'd, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth than to him or any man living, engag'd me in Enquiries, of which the inclōs'd Notes are the fruit.

I perceiv'd, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first Aggressors. They had try'd till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other : no body was either concern'd, or surpriz'd, if this or that scribler was prov'd a dunce ; but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. P O P E one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery : A stratagem, which wou'd they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful supe-

riors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had call'd men of virtue and honour Bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them Bad Writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleas'd to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had publish'd those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laugh'd and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? a very serious truth which the publick had said before, that they were dull: And what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings: since whoever publishes, puts himself on his tryal by his country. But when his Moral character was attack'd, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most Innocent, in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuser, (I mean by authors *without names* :) Then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, expos'd to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abus'd all even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confess'd I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long lov'd and esteem'd Mr. P O P E, and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteem'd and lov'd in him. Now if what these people say were believ'd, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave, either impos'd on my self, or imposing on them: So that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procur'd me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have

added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them ; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their * Titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the conceal'd authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for Satyre. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satyre ; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domesticks within, most wrongfully chastized, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of : Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts, Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief ; so that for secret calumny or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no

* Which we have done in a List in the *Appendix*,
N^o 2.

publick punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *Poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily for lesser crimes than defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are try'd there) but sure it can here be none, for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty here is the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *ROMEO and JULIET* is poor, but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the publick burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better taken care of than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been call'd by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get 'em out of it: For men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satyre; and the publick objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allow'd, our author by and in this poem, has mercifully given 'em a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections (supposing them good) and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if without any provocation, two or

three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embark'd; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them?

Others, I'm told, pretend to have been once his *Friends*. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done: but of this I can't persuade my self, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his *Admirers*, I wou'd gladly ask, if it lays him under any personal obligation? at that rate he would be the most oblig'd humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desir'd them to be his Admirers, nor promis'd in return to be theirs; that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but wou'd not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the ESSAY ON CRITI-

CISM? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting; for His Works and Theirs are the very same that they were.

One therefore of their assertions I believe may be just, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allow'd by himself, than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the publick." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the publick, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satyr, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary, nay as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes the object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridicul'd because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just, to unde-

ceive or vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topicks of the most candid Satyrists, from the *Codrus* of JUVENAL to the *Damon* of BOILEAU.

Having mention'd BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt Him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn to them by their Superiors; in the general esteem of their Equals; and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respec-

tive Nations. *. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times ; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this : I dare answer for him he will do it in no more ; and on his principle of attacking few but who had slander'd him ; he could not have done it at all, had he been confin'd from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last ; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of 'em treated as gently (on their repentance or better merit) as *Perault* and *Quinquault* were at last by BOILEAU.

* Essay on Criticism in *French Verse* by General *Hamilton*. The same in Verse also by Monsieur *Roboton*, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.

Rape of the Lock, in *French*, *Paris*, 1728.

— In *Italian Verse*, by the Abbe *Conti*, a Noble *Venetian*. And by the Marquess *Rangoni*, Envoy Extraordinary from *Modena* to King George II.

Others of his Works by *Salvini* of *Florence*, &c.

His Essays and Dissertations on *Homer*, in *French*, *Paris* 1728.

In one point I must be allow'd to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success: He has liv'd with the Great without flattery, been a friend to Men in power without pensions, from whom as he ask'd, so he receiv'd no favour but what was done Him in his friends. As his Satyrs were the more just for being delay'd, so were his Panegyricks; bestow'd only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observ'd in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion. † A Satyr therefore on writers so notorious for the contrary practise, became no man so well as himself; as none (it is plain) was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abus'd, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further

† As Mr. *Wycherley*, at the time the Town declaim'd against his book of Poems: Mr. *Walsh*, after his death: Sir *William Trumbull*, when he had resign'd the office of Secretary of State: Lord *Bolingbroke* at his leaving *England* after the *Queen's* death: Lord *Oxford* in his last decline of life: Mr. Secretary *Craggs* at the end of the South-Sea Year, and after his death: Others only in *Epitaphs*.

22 *A L E T T E R, &c.*

reason, that tho' ingag'd in their Friendships, he never espous'd their Animosities ; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own Ill nature, but only punishing that of others. To his Poem those alone are capable of doing justice, who to use the words of a great Writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSO-
LETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM,
FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.* I am,

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's
Dec. 22,
1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

DENNIS, Rem. on Pr. *Arth.*

I cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natur'd* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made : It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short Profit* and a *transitory Reputation* ; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

The *Persons* whom *Boileau* has attack'd in his writings, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets* : And the Censures he hath pass'd upon them have been *confirm'd by all Europe*. [Character of Mr. P. 1716.]

GILDON, Pref. to his *New Rehearsl.*

IT is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *Ill-natur'd thing* to expose the *Pretenders*

to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproach'd with *Ill-nature*, for putting the laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor — The same will hold in the Republick of Letters, if the Criticks and Judges will let every *Ignorant Pretender* to scribbling, pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Lett. to *Mist*, Jun. 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against *Failures* in *Genius*, or against the *Pretensions* of writing *without one*.

CONCANEN, *Ded.* to the *Auth.* of the *Dunc.*

A *Satyre* upon *Dulness*, is a thing that has been *used* and *allowed* in *All Ages*.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler !



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

H I S

PROLEGOMENA

T O T H E

D U N C I A D.

D

MARTINUS DE NIKER

1112

PROLOGUS

TO THE

DUNOIA

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

Concerning our POET and his WORKS.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exer-
citations on the most delectable Poem of the
Dunciad (drawn from the many volumes of
our *Adversaria* on modern Authors) we shall here,
according to the laudable usage of Editors, collect the
various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet:
Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of
the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we ga-
ther only the Testimonials of such eminent Wits as
would of course descend to posterity; and consequently
be read without our collection; but we shall likewise
with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which
but for this our diligence, could never at the distance
of a few months appear to the eye of the most curi-
ous. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delecta-
tion of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judg-
ment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the
Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself.

20 TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but of a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: In which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true Criticks and commentators are wont to insilt upon such, and how material they seem to themselves if to none other. Forgive me therefore gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the same pain to find, whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his were fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock?

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education: but as to these, even his Cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith, he was educated at home; *a.* another that he was bred abroad at St. Omer's by Jesuits; *b.* a third, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; *c.* a fourth, that he had no University education at all. *d.* Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith, he was kept by his father on purpose; *e.* a second that he was an itinerant priest; *f.* a third, that he was a Parson; *g.* one calleth him a secular Clergyman of the church of Rome; *h.* another, a Monk. *i.* As little agree they about his Father; whom one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant, *k.* another a husbandman, &c. *l.* Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a Father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Iamblicus to Pythagoras, and

a. Giles Jacob's *Lives of Poets*, vol. 2. in his Life.
b. Dennis's *reflect. on the Essay on Crit.* *c.* *Dunciad* dissected, p. 4. *d.* *Guardian*, No. 40. *e.* Jacob, *ib.*
f. *Dunc. diff.* *ibid.* *g.* *Farmer P. and his son*, *ibid.*
verse 32. *h.* *Dunc. dissect.* *i.* *Characters of the Times*, p. 45. *k.* *Female Dunciad*, pag. ult. *l.* *Dunc. dissect.*

divers to *Homer*; namely, a *Dæmon*. For thus Mr. *Gildon*. m. "Certain it is, that his Original is not from *Adam* but the Devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding therefore such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy; we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all?

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho' not less uncertain the judgments concerning them: beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of which hear first the most Ancient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are false, or trivial, or both: his thoughts are crude, and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, without cadence or variety, his rhymes trivial, and common — instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish: and instead of perspicuity, and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place. — "What rare *Numbers* are here? would not one swear this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being poxt by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damably." n. No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

m. Whom Mr. Curl (*Key to the Dunc.* 1st. edit.) declares to be the author of the Character of Mr. Pope and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716. where this passage is to be found, p. 10. n. *Reflections critical and satyrical on a rhapsody call'd, An Essay on Criticism.* Printed for B. Lintot.

Mr.

22 TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

Mr. OLDMIXON.

" I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discover'd in it something *new*, which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatick poetry, not to mention the *French* criticks, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery." *o.*

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED;

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay (together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth.) *p.* " As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his Art of poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one." To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr. ADDISON.

q. " The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's art of poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose-writer. They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explain'd with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the *most known* and the *most receiv'd*, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt

o. *Essay on Criticism in Prose*, 8vo. 1728. by the author of the *Critical History of England*. *p.* Preface to his poems, *p.* 18, 53. *q.* *Spectator*, No. 253.

" allu-

“ allusions, that they have in them *all the graces of*
 “ *novelty*; and make the reader, who was before ac-
 “ quainted with them, still more convinc’d of their
 “ truth, and solidity. And here give me leave to
 “ mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so well enlarged
 “ upon in the preface to his works: That wit, and
 “ fine writing, doth not consist so much in advancing
 “ things that are *new*, as in giving things that are
 “ *known* an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us
 “ who live in the latter ages of the world, to make
 “ observations in criticism, morality, or any art or
 “ science, which have not been touch’d upon by
 “ others; we have little else left us, but to represent
 “ the *common sense* of mankind in more strong, more
 “ beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader
 “ examines *Horace’s* art of poetry, he will find but
 “ few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in
 “ *Aristotle*, and which were not *commonly known* by
 “ all the poets of the *Augustan* age. His way of ex-
 “ pressing, and applying them, not his *invention* of
 “ them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ *Longinus* in his reflections has given us the same
 “ kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several
 “ passages that occasioned them. I cannot but take
 “ notice that our *English* Author, has after the same
 “ manner exemplify’d several of the precepts in the
 “ very precepts themselves.” He then produces some
 “ instances of a particular beauty in the *Numbers*, and
 “ concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems
 “ in our tongue of the same nature, and each a
 “ master-piece in its kind; The Essay on translated
 “ verse, The Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the
 “ Essay on Criticism.

OF WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judg-
 ment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

r. “ That it is a wretched rhapsody, *impudently*
 “ writ in emulation of the *Cooper’s Hill* of Sir John

r. Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on
 Pope’s Homer, 1717.

“ Denham:

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“ *Denham* : The Author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.” But the Author of the *Dispensary*

Dr. GARTH

In the preface to his poem of *Claremont*, differs from this opinion : “ Those who have seen those two excellent poems of *Conper’s Hill*, and *Windsor-Forest*, the one writ by Sir *John Denham*, the other by Mr. *Pope*, will shew a great deal of candour, if they approve of this.”

Of his EPISTLE of *ELOISA*, we are told, by the obscure writer of a poem called *Sawney*, “ s. That because *Prior’s Henry* and *Emma* charm’d the finest tastes, our author writ his *Eloise*, in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue : If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.” In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a *French* taylor on a *Villa* and gardens by the *Thames* : “ All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.” But very contrary hereunto, was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma*, t.

O *Abelard* ! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet’s song :
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev’d,
With kind concern and skill has weav’d
A silken web ; and ne’er shall fade
Its colours : gently has he laid
The mantle o’er thy sad distress,
And *Venus* shall the texture blefs, &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

s. Printed 1728. pag. 12. t. *Alma*, Cant. 2.

Sir

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Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet stileth this a *laudable translation*. u. That ready writer.

Mr. OLDMIXON,

In his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it, x. "The spirit of *Homer* breathes all
 " through this translation. — I am in doubt, whe-
 " ther I should most admire the *justness to the original*,
 " or the force, and beauty of the *language*, or the
 " sounding variety of the *numbers*? But when I find
 " all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the
 " poet says of one of his heroes: That he alone
 " rais'd and flung with ease, a weighty stone, that
 " two common men could not lift from the ground;
 " just so, one single person has performed in this
 " translation, what I once despaired to have seen done
 " by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed
 the same gentleman appears to have chang'd his senti-
 ment, in his *Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation*,
 where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation,
 " let him take it into his head to descend into *Homer*
 " (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil
 " he got there) and pretend to do him into *English*,
 " so his version denote his neglect of the manner
 " how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this Translation of the *Iliad*, was not in
 " all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend
 " Mr. *Addison*. Inso much, that he employed a younger
 " muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he su-
 " pervis'd himself." Whether Mr. *Addison* did find
 it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from
 his own testimony the year following its publication,
 in these words.

u. In his *Essays*, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl. x. Cen-
 sor, vol. 2. No. 33.

E

Mr.

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Mr. ADDISON, *Freeholder*.

y. "When I consider my self as a *British* freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language, with the translation of old *Greek* and *Latin* authors:—We have already most of their *Historians* in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from *Dryden's Virgil*, of the most perfect Epic performance. And those parts of *Homer* which have been publish'd already by Mr. *Pope*, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *English* with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger Muse was elder: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ'd by Mr. *Addison* to translate it *after* him, since he saith himself that he did it *before*. z. Contrariwise, that Mr. *Addison* engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the *Iliad*, printed some years before his death, and by his own letters of *Oct. 26.* and *Nov. 2.* 1713. where he declares it his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his *SHAKESPEAR* on the stage. "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. *THEOBALD*) *Miss, March 30.* 1728.

"publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller *his name* (for a competent sum of money tho') to promote the credit of an *exorbitant subscription*." Gentle reader, be pleas'd but to cast thine eye on the *PROPOSAL* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of *June 8.* "The bookseller propos'd the book by sub-

y. *No. 40.* *May 7.* z. *Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickle's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad, 4to.*

"scription

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“ scription, and rais’d some thousands of pounds for
 “ the same: I believe the gentleman did *not share in*
 “ *the profits of this extravagant Subscription.*

“ After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST’S JOURNAL, *June 8.*)

“ the sequel of that work, the *Odyssey*: and having se-
 “ cur’d the success by a numerous subscription, he
 “ employed some *Underlings* to perform what, ac-
 “ cording to *his proposals*, should come from his *own*
 “ *hands.*” To which heavy charge we can in truth
 oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE’S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,
 (printed by *J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.*) “ I take
 “ this occasion to declare that the SUBSCRIPTION
 “ for SHAKESPEAR *belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson:*
 “ And that the Benefit of THIS PROPOSAL is
 “ not solely for my own use, but for that of *Two*
 “ *of my friends, who have assisted me in this work.*”
 But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet
 himself, by another of *Mist’s Journals, March 30,*
 1728, saying, “ That he would not advise Mr. Pope
 “ to try the experiment again, of getting a great part
 “ of a book done by *Assistants*, lest those *extraneous*
 “ *parts* should unhappily ascend to the *sublime*, and
 “ retard the declension of the whole.” Behold! these
 Underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were
 printed, the Subscription was begun without declara-
 tion of such Assistance; verily those who set it on
 foot, or (as their term is) secur’d it, to wit the right
 Honourable the LORD VISCOUNT HARCOURT,
 were he living would testify, and the right Honourable
 the LORD BATHURST now living doth testify, the
 same is a Falshood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or
 of whatever rank of Authors, should either falsely tax,
 or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters,
 be impartial in our citations and proceed.

MIST’S JOURNAL, *June 8.*

“ Mr. *Addison* rais’d this Author from obscurity,
 “ obtain’d him the acquaintance and friendship of the

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" *whole body* of our nobility, and transferr'd his powerful interests with those great men to this rising Bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the publick." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of *Dunciad dissected* reporteth, " Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him to a familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living."

" No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libell'd the memory of his departed friend, and what was still more heinous, made the scandal publick." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause, the person in whose regard accus'd, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procur'd to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity the whole story of the libel is a Lye; Witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made publick till by Curl their own bookseller in his miscellanies, 12^o. 1727. One name alone which I am authorized here to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right Honourable the EARL of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (with *some authors* I doubt, more heinous than any in *morality*) to wit Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

a. " Upon reading the third volume of *Pope's Miscellanies*, I found five lines which I thought excellent, and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the *Rival Modes*) published last year, where were the same verses to a title, (speaking of women.)

a. Daily Journal, March 18. 1728.

Seq

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See how the world its pretty slaves rewards!

A youth of frolicks, an old age of cards:

Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;

Young without lovers; old without a friend;

A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;

Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time, and out of a publick print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. *James Moore Smith*, in a letter to our author himself, (who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7. that these verses which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad) “ He desires nevertheless, that since the Lines had been read in his Comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them, &c.” Surely if we add the testimonies of the LORD BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally address’d, of *Hugh Bethel*, Esq; and others who knew them as our author’s long before the said gentleman compos’d his play; It is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other Informer than the said

Mr. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

b. “ The *Memoirs of a Parish clerk* was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our *Religion and Constitution*; and who has been dead many years.” Verily this also seemeth most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord *Harcourt* in *Oxfordshire* before that excellent person (Bishop *Burnet*’s) death, and many years before the appearance of that History of which they are pretended to be an abuse.

6. Daily Journal, April 3. 1728.

Most

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Most true it is, that Mr. *Moore* had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. *Arbutnot* and Mr. *Pope* to assist him therein : and that he borrow'd those memoirs of our author when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single Hint, and either changing his mind or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. *Pope* once chanced to introduce him, who well remembreth the conversation of Mr. *Moore* to have turned upon the " contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared *himself* to have, of exposing it." This noble person is the EARL of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mention'd them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers ; but that we had their own ever-honour'd commands for the same, and that they are introduc'd not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted ; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author ; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his personal character in these lines,

c. And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend ;
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

c. Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

So

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So also is he decypher'd by the honourable
SIMON HARCOURT.

d. Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse?
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
Go to the *good and just*, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight —

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,
in this Apostrophe.

e. O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy *life*, and blest in all thy *lays*.
Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
And ev'n the *life* be *faultless* as thy *line*.
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the Muse:
A soul-like thine, in pain, in grief resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral Satyrift

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,
wishing some check to the corruption and evil man-
ners of the times, calleth out upon our poet, to under-
take a task so worthy of his virtue.

f. Why slumbers *Pope*, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?
To the same tune also singeth that learned Clerk of
Suffolk

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME:
g. Thus, nobly rising in fair *virtue's* cause,
From thy own *life* transcribe th' *unerring laws*.
And divers more, with which we will not tire the
reader.

d. Poem prefix'd to his works. e. In his poems,
printed for B. Lintot. f. Universal Passion, Satyr 1.
g. In his poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

Let

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Let us rather recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never convers'd, and whose countenances he could not know, tho' turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced, and never-enough-quoted

JOHN DENNIS;

Who in his reflections on the Essay on Criticism thus describeth him. "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of fallhood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he upbraids them with some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People of Quality*; and authors of that rank — He must derive his religion from *St. Omer's*." — But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping 1716,) he saith, "tho' he is a Professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it*; but that, "nevertheless, he is a *virtuous Papist*; and yet a *Pillar for the Church of England*." Of both which opinions

Mr. THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring in *Mist's Journal of June 22. 1728*: "That if he is not shrewdly abus'd, he hath made it his practice to cackle to *both parties* in their own sentiments." But, as to his *Pique* against *people of quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (*May 8, 1728.*) "he had by some means or other the *acquaintance and friendship* of the *whole body of our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us: "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man: a Whig, and a Tory: a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth, a base and a foul pre-
"tender

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"tender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either?

Be it, as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favour'd of certain authors; whose wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head* and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*. *b.* Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*, advises him to *insure his person*, says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares, it will be well if he *escape with his life*. *i.* One desires he wou'd *cut his own throat* or *hang himself*: *k.* But *Pasquin* seem'd rather inclined it shou'd be done by the government, representing him in-gag'd in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution. *l.* Mr. *Dennis* himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*; *m.* and assureth the publick, that he is an *open and mortal enemy* to his Country; a monster, that *will*, one day, show as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian* who runs a *muck* (to kill the first Christian he meets) *n.* Another gives information of *Treason* discover'd in his poem: *o.* Mr. *Curl* boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princeesses*; *p.* and another yet more impudent publishes at length the *Two most SACRED NAMES* in this Nation as members of the *Dunciad*! *q.*

b. Theobald, *Letter in Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728. *i.* Smedley, *Pref. to Gulliveriana*, p. 14. 16. *k.* *Gulliveriana*, pag. 332. *l.* Anno 1723. *m.* This present year. *n.* Preface to *Rem. on Rape of the Lock*, pag. 12. and in the last page of that Treatise. *o.* Pag. 6, 7. of the Preface to a Book intitled, *a Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advirtisements, occasion'd by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, printed for A. Moore*, 8°. 1728. *p.* *Key to the Dunc.* 3d edit. p. 18. *q.* *A List of persons, &c. at the end of the foremention'd Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.*

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This is prodigious! yet is it almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him:

M. THEOBALD,
in censuring his *Shakespear* declares, " he has so great
" an esteem for Mr. *Pope*, and so high an opinion of his
" genius, and excellencies; That notwithstanding he
" professes a veneration almost rising to Idolatry for the
" writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very
" loth even to do him justice, at the expence of that
" other gentleman's character. *r.*

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,
after having violently attack'd him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, " That Mr. *Pope*
" would be prevailed upon to give us *Ovid's* Epistles
" by his hand: for it is certain we see the original
" of *Sappho* to *Phaon* with much more life and likeness
" in his version, than in that of Sir *Car. Scrope*. And
" this (he adds) is the more to be wish'd, because in
" the *English* tongue we have scarce any thing truly
" and naturally written upon Love." *s.* He also, in taxing Sir *Richard Blackmore* for his heterodox opinions of *Homer*, challengeth him to answer what Mr. *Pope* hath said in his preface to that Poet.

M. OLDMIXON
declares, " the Purity and Perfection of the *English*
" language to be found in his *Homer*; and saying
" there are more good Verses in *Dryden's Virgil* than
" in any other work, excepts this of our author only. *t.*
One who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,
the maker of certain verses to *Duncan Campbell*, *u.* in that poem which is wholly a satyr on Mr. *Pope*, confesseth,

r. Introduction to his *Shakespear* restor'd, in quarto, p. 3. *s.* Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8°. 1721. pag. 97, 98. *t.* In his Prose Essay on Criticism. *u.* Printed under the Title of the Progress of Dulness, 12°. 1728.

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'Tis true, if finest notes alone cou'd show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope, more than we can offer, shou'd receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smother than the smoothest stream, &c.

M. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's *Homer*, crieth out,
But in his other works what beauties shine?
While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line.
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days. x.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Altho' he says, "the smooth Numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit," Yet that same paper hath these words:
"The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy, and elegant versification: *In all his works*, we find the most *happy turns*, and *natural similes*, wonderfully short and thick sown." The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, pag. 25. it is very full of beautiful Images.

Mr. GILDON and DENNIS

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do jointly confess, "That some men, of good understanding. value him for his rhymes:" And pag. 17. "That he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse."

To the Success of all his pieces, they do unanimously give testimony: But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold this last great Critick sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this Day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance! (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *Approbation* this Essay meets with! y. — I can safely affirm, that I never attack'd any of these writings, unless

x. *Battle of Poets*, fol. pag. 15. y. Dennis *Pref. to the Reflect. on the Essay on Crit.*

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“ they had *Success*, infinitely beyond their merit. *z.* —
 “ This, tho’ an empty, has been a *popular* scribler :
 “ The Epidemic madness of the times has given him
 “ *reputation.* *a.* — If after the cruel treatment so
 many extraordinary men (*Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben.*
Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have re-
 ceived from this country, for these last hundred
 years; I shou’d shift the scene, and shew all that pe-
 nury chang’d at once to riot and profuseness : and
 “ *b.* more squander’d away upon *one object*, than would
 “ have satisfy’d the greater part of those extraordi-
 “ nary men : The reader to whom this one creature
 “ should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of
 “ art and nature, would believe that all the great qua-
 “ lities of these persons were centred in him alone —
 “ But if I should venture to assure him, that the
 “ PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made *such* a choice
 “ — the reader would either believe me a *malicious*
 “ *enemy*, and *slanderer* ; or that the reign of the last
 “ (Queen *Ann’s*) *Ministry*, was design’d by fate to en-
 “ courage *Fools.* *c.*

However, lest we imagine our Author’s Success was
 constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain
 works in a less degree of repute, whereof (altho’ own’d
 by others) yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of
 this sort Mr. DENNIS ascribes to him *d. Two Farces*,
 whose names he does not tell, but assures us *there is not*
one jest in them ; and an Imitation of *Horace*, whose
 title he does not mention, but assures us, *it is much*

z. Pref to his Rem. on Homer. a. Ibid,

b. What this vast sum was, Mr. DENNIS himself
in another place informs us (pref. to his Remarks on the
Rape of the Lock, p. 15.) to wit, a hundred a year.
Whereby we see how great he supposed the moderation of
those extraordinary men ; even greater than that of his
friend Mr. Giles Jacob, who said of himself

One hundred pounds a year, I think wou’d do
 For me, if single — Or if marry’d, two.

c. Rem. on Hem. pag. 8, 9. d. Rem. on Hem. p. 8.

more execrable than all his works. *e.* The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11. 1728. assures us, " he is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater match'd and the Boarding School are better than the What d'ye call it;" Which is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his *New Rehearsal*, pag. 48, f. " that he was writing a Play of the Lady Jane Gray; But it afterwards prov'd to be Mr. Rowe's. The same Mr. Gildon and Dennis assure us, " he wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe; g. which prov'd to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, " That the treatise of the *Profund* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it:" The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion, and says " the whole or greatest part of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to *Gulliver. b.* [Here gentle reader cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, *Martinus Scriblerus.*]

Lastly we are assured, in *Mist* of June 8. " That his own *Plays* and *Farces* wou'd better have adorn'd the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald: for he " he had neither genius for Tragedy, or Comedy:" Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge; in as much as hath attempted neither.

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little avail'd our author to have any Candour, since when he declar'd he did not write for others, it was not credited: As little to have any Modesty, since when he declin'd writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterpriz'd one great work, he was tax'd of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy: *i.* if he

e. Charact. of Mr. P. p. 7. f. 12^o. printed 1714.
g. Charact. of Mr. P. p. 6. *h.* Gulliveriana, p. 336.
i. Burnet Homerides, pag. 1. of his Translation of the Iliad.

38 TESTIMONIES of AUTHORS.

took *assistants* in another, it was complain'd of and represented as a great injury to the publick. *k.* The loftiest Heroicks, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satyr on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poysons, and murders: of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that author to be yet better concealed. If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguis'd he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politicks, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators wou'd hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage; and from the testimony of his very enemies wou'd affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; That he was a perfect master of all Styles, and all Arguments; And that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence save he himself.. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader! to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors known, or of Authors unknown? of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not?

k. The London and Mist's Journals, on his Undertaking of the Odyssley.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE

P O E M.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and antient kind. *Homer* (saith *Aristotle*) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith *Horace*) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by *Homer* composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop *Eustathius*, in *Odyss. k.* And accordingly *Aristotle* in his poetic, chap. 4. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first *Idæa*.

From these authors also it shou'd seem, that the Hero or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his *understanding* and *sentiments* no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors in our poem. *MARGITES* was the name of this personage, whom

40 M. SCRIBLERUS of the POEM.

whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the First*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which tho' now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by *Homer* himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssy*.

Now forasmuch as our Poet had translated those two famous works of *Homer* which are yet left; he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: And was therefore induced to bestow on it the same Form which *Homer's* is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title also framed after the antient *Greek* manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! Since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil, than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a *Charlemagne*, a *Brute* or a *God-fry*, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a *Codrus*, a *Flecknoe*, or a *Tibbald*.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a scourge for the Sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors cover'd the land: Whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, or deserve the other: At the same time, the Liberty of the Press was so unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; For they would forthwith publish slanders unpunish'd, the authors being anonymous; nay the immediate publishers thereof lay sculking under the

the wings of an Act of Parliament, assuredly intended for better purposes.

a. Now our author living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satyrift, to dissuade the dull, and punish the malicious, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem; as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the Causes creative of such authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' self-conceit of great abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*, *b.* (as the construction of Epic poesy requires) and feigns, that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspir'd all such writers and such works. *c.* He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce: *d.* Then the *materials* or *stock* with which they furnish them, *e.* and (above all) that *self-opinion f.* which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplify'd in some *one, great and remarkable action. g.* And none cou'd be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, the introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in *Smithfield* to be the entertainment of the court and town; or in other words, the Action of the Dunciad is the *b.* Removal of the Imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world, as that of the *Æneid* is the Removal of the Empire of *Troy* to *Latium*. But as *Homer* sing-

a. Vid. *Bossu*, du poeme Epique, ch. 8. *b.* Ibid. ch. 7. *c.* Book 1. Verse 32, &c. *d.* Verse 45 to 52. *e.* Verse 57 to 75. *f.* Verse 80. *g.* *Bossu*, ch. 7, 8. *h.* Verse 1, 2.

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ing only the *Wrath* of *Achilles*, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the *Trojan* war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of *Dulness* and her children. To this end she is represented at the very *i*. Opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguish'd into these three kinds, Party writers, dull Poets, and wild Criticks.

A *Person* must next be fix'd upon to support this Action, who (to agree with the said design) must be such an one as is capable of being all three. This Phantom in the poet's mind, must have a *Name*: *k*. He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the Journals, written bad Plays or Poems, and publish'd low Criticisms: He finds his name to be *Tibbald*, and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *Fable* being thus according to best example one and entire, as contain'd in the proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of *Dulness*, extended thro' her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, tho' all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad Poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes, of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth: And the third book, if well consider'd, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of *More*; the second the libellous Novellist, whom he stileth *Eliza*; the third the flattering Dedicator, the fourth the bawling Critick or noisy Poet, the fifth the dark and dirty Party-writer, and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he cou'd find.

i. Verse 95 to 104, *k*. *Bossu*, ch. 8. Vide *Aristot. Poetic.* c. 9.

As for the *Characters*, the publick hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other, or wiser, personages, wou'd be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, will readily own the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted.

The *Descriptions* are singular; the *Comparisons* very quaint; the *Narration* various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of *Diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical authority (tho' as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea and commented upon by most grave doctors, and approved criticks.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neotericks, a strict imitation of the Antient; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critick. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so alter'd and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection: at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination; which by good criticks is held to be punctually at *forty*. For, at that season it was that *Virgil* finished his *Georgics*; and Sir *Richard Blackmore* at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life

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for Epic poesy : tho' since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*. 1. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age : But it is far otherwise in *Poetry* ; witness the works of Mr. *Rymer* and Mr. *Dennis*, who beginning with *Criticism*, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath parallel'd. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his *Essay* on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years, this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

1. See his *Essays*.



D U N.

DUNCIADOS PERIOCHA:

O R,

ARGUMENTS to the BOOKS,

BOOK the FIRST.

THE Proposition of the subject. The Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great empire of *Dulness*, and cause of the continuance thereof. The beloved seat of the Goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past, and to come. She fixes her eye on *Tibbald* to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch *Settle*: Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to law or politicks, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pyle is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of *Tbule*. She forthwith reveals her self to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of *Settle* that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

BOOK

BOOK the SECOND.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with publick Games and sports of various kinds; (not instituted by the Hero, as by *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person; in like manner as the games *Pythia*, *Isthmia*, &c. were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herself appearing according to *Homer Odyss*, 24. proposed the prizes in honour of her son *Achilles*. Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but just) with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased for her disport to propose games to the *Booksellers*, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents: and next, the game for a Poetess. Then follows the exercises for the *Poets*, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty authors. Lastly, for the *Criticks*, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here most lively set forth: Till the whole number, not of criticks only, but of spectators, actors, and all present fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK the THIRD.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, innamorato's, castle-builders, chymists and poets. He is immediately carry'd on the

the wings of Fancy to the *Elizian* shade, where on the banks of *Lethe* the souls of the dull are dipp'd by *Bavius*, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destin'd to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Vision*, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future : How small a part of the world was ever conquered by *Science*, how soon those conquests were stop'd, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion : Then distinguishing the Island of *Great Britain*, shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject *Settle* breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the types of these ; He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, opera's, shows ; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres ; Then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos : A scene, of which the present Action of the *Dunciad* is but a Type or Foretaste, giving a Glimpse or *Pisgah-sight* of the promis'd Fulness of her Glory ; the Accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater *Dunciads*.

THE
DUNCIAD,
IN
THREE BOOKS,
WITH
Notes Variorum.

H

THE
DUNCIAD
IN
THREE BOOKS
WITH
NOTES VARIOUS

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK the FIRST.

BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.

REMARKS ON BOOK the FIRST.

THE *Dunciad*, Sic M. S. It may be well disputed whether this be a right Reading? Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s [as *Shak'spear*] which is utterly unpardonable. Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an *Atchievement that brings honour* to the Critick who advances

Say great Patricians ! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous works ; so Jove and Fate require)

REMARKS.

it ; and Dr. B. will be remembered to posterity for his performances of *this sort*, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the Remains of *Menander* and *Philemon*.

THEOBALD.

I have a just value for the letter E, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem, as the forecited Critic for that of his Author ; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade* ; which being a French and foreign Termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e*'s wrong ; yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all ; mov'd thereto by Authority, at all times with Criticks equal if not superior to Reason. In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my very good Friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne ; who, if any word occur which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, *sic M. S.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 1. *Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.*]

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Criticks and Commentators on this work ! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefix'd to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *The Man who brings*, &c. not of the Hero of the

IMITATIONS.

V. 3. *Say great Patricians ! (since your selves inspire
These wond'rous Works —*] Ovid. Met. 1.

— *Dū captis (nam vos mutastis, & illas.)*

Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.

REMARKS.

piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his Readers (an Honour which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.)

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*; assuring him, that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*.

Arma virumq; cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,

Italiam fato profugus, Latinæq; venit

Litora: multum ille & terris jactatus & alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being as we see *Æn*, 2. 513, from the altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *Shore of Italy*. *Jactatus* in the third, is surely as improper apply'd to *terris*, as proper to *alto*: To say a man is *topt on land*, is much at one with saying he *walks at sea*. *Risum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *Vexatus*.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and Dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this Poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the year 1725, and continued to the year 1728. See Book 3. Verse 235, &c.

IMITATIONS.

V. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. *Dryden*, not in *Mac Fleckno* (as it is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, pag. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. *Congreve*.
And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
 E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night : 10
 Fate in their dotage this fair ideot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to confirm, she tries, 15
 For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou, whatever Title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy Chair, 20
 Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind ;
 From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
 Grieve not, my SWIFT ! at ought our realm acquires :

REMARKS.

V. 10. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper business as a Scholiast to meddle with it ; but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader : remarking only, that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's Θεογονία*) was the Progenitor of all the Gods.

SCRIBL.

V. 21. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind.*] *Ironice*, alluding to *Gulliver's* Representations of both—The next line relates to the Papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper Coin in *Ireland*, which upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

V. 23. *From thy Bæotia.*] *Bæotia* of old lay under the Raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as *Ireland* does now ; tho' each of those nations produced one

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread, 29
To hatch a new Saturnian age, of Lead.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air :

REMARKS.

of the greatest Wits, and greatest Generals, of their age.

V. 24. *Grieve not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.*] *Ironice iterum.* The Politicks of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of course was of the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

V. 26. *A new Saturnian Age, of Lead.*] The ancient golden Age is by Poets stiled *Saturnian*; but in the chymical language, *Saturn* is *Lead*.

V. 27. *Where wave the tatter'd Ensigns of Rag-fair.*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

V. 28, 31. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air.*—

Here in one Bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,

The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critick on the *Dunciad*. “ These lines (saith he) have no construction, “ or are nonsense. The two shivering Sisters must “ be the sister caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the “ bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the “ same, (*questionless, if they lie in one bed*) and the two “ Sisters the lord knows who?” O the Construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus: *Æn.* 1.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum :

Intus aquæ dulces, vivog sedilia saxo ;

Nympharum domus.—

May we not say in like manner, “ The Nymphs must “ be the waters and the stones, or the waters and “ the stones must be the houses of the Nymphs? *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aquæ, &c.* is in a parenthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, *Keen*

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness: 36
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls, 35
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.

REMARKS.

hollow Winds, &c.) and it is the *Antrum*, and the *yawning Ruin*, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *Domus* and the *Cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee Reader, present thee with another *Conjectural Emendation* on *Virgil's Scopulis pendentibus*: He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of *Æneas* repaired to dress their dinner.—*Fessi—frugesq; receptas Et torrere parant flammis*: What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on: the other is surely an error of the Copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, *Populis prandentibus*.

But for this and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil Restor'd*, some Specimen whereof see in the Appendix.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 33. *The Great Mother.*] *Magna mater*, here apply'd to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs* was a name given to the ancient members of certain political Clubs, who were constantly enquiring, *Quid nunc?* what news?

IMITATIONS.

V. 33. *This the Great Mother, &c.*] *Æn. 1.*
Urbs antiqua fuit —————
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Siqua fata sinant) jam tum tenditq; fovetq;

Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay;
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day, 40
 Sepulchral lyes, our holy walls to grace,
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.
 'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;

REMARKS.

V. 38. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.*] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book 2. The former was fined by the Court of King's-Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorn'd his shop with Titles in red letters.

V. 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay.*] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their Execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

V. 40. and 42. allude to the annual Songs composed to musick on St. Cecilia's Feast, and those made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-years-day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and instruments.

V. 41. Is a just satyr on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs.

IMITATIONS.

V. 39. *Hence hymning Tyburn — Hence, &c.*]
 Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque alta mœnia Romæ.

Virg. *ibid.*

V. 43. *In clouded Majesty she shone.*] Milton, Lib. 4.
 The Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty. —

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears 45
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:

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I must not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this poem, and cannot but greatly endear the Author to every attentive observer of it: I mean that *Candour* and *Humanity*, which every where appears in him to those unhappy Objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhimes, scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies songs and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to Malice or Servility, as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness, as to Necessity; And thus at the very commencement of his satyr, makes an apology for all that are to be satyrized.

V. 48. *Who hunger, and who thirst.*] This is an "allusion to a Text in Scripture, which shews in Mr. "Pope a delight in prophaneness, (said *Curl* upon this place.) But 'tis very familiar with *Shakespeare* to allude to passages of Scripture: Out of a great number I'll select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very Texts from holy Writ. In *All's well that ends well*, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.* Mat. 7. 13. In *Much ado about nothing*: *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden,* Gen. 3. 8. (in a very jocular scene.) In *Love's labour lost*, he talks of *Sampson's* carrying the gates on

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V. 45. *That knows no fears Of hisses, blows, or wants, or loss of ears.*] Horat.

Quem neq; pauperies, neq; mors, neq; vincula terrent.

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl:
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale; 50
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.
 Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day 55
 Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
 How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
 Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet. 60

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his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the Weaver's beam; and in Henry 4. Falstaff's Soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the Prodigal Son. *The first part of this Note is Mr. CURL's, The rest is Mr. THEOBALD's.* Appendix to Shakespeare restor'd, p. 144.

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V. 53. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameless somethings, &c.]* That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Booksellers or the Players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, Cant. 6.

*Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.*

Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
 There motley Images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;

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V. 61. *Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Authors celebrated in the Poem. A great Critick formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. *Dennis*'s works afford us notable examples in this kind. "*Alexander* Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his name." "*fake* Pope *Alexander*." — Let us take the initial "and final letters of his Name, viz. *A. P—E*, "and they give you the idea of an *Apr.* — "*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little Wart; or from *Poppyisma*, because he was "continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *Poppyismata*, or *Po-pisms*. *DENNIS. Daily Journal June 11. 1728.*

V. 68. *How Farce and Epic — How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities*, in the Plays of such Poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, Farce and Epic, see *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c. as yet extant.

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V. 62. *And ductile dulness.*] A Parody on a verse in *Garth, Cant. 1.*

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land. 70
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, 75
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene;
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views, 80
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
 Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

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V. 71. *Ægypt glads with show'rs.*] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. — These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the description of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one scene. — See the *Guardian* N^o 40. parag. 7. printed in the *Appendix*. See also *Eusden's* whole Works if to be found.

V. 83. *'Twas on the Day, when Thorold, rich and grave.*] Sir George Thorold Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor

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V. 77. *The cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφελιγενε Ζῆς.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.

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is made partly by land and partly by water. — *Cimon* the famous *Atbenian* General obtained a victory by sea, and another by land on the same day, over the *Persians* and *Barbarians*.

V. 86. *Glad chains.*] The ignorance of these Moderns! This was alter'd in one edition to *Gold chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay of figurative speech itself. — *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 88. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with Poets in praise of Poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. *Addison*.

*Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever, by the Muses skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.*

V. 88. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] *Settle* was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of *London*. His office was to compose yearly panegyricks upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being frugally at length abolished, the employment of City Poet ceas'd; so that upon *Settle's* demise, there was no successor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has chosen as the Crisis of the Kingdom of *Dulness*, who thereupon decrees to remove her Imperial Seat: To which great enterprize, all things being now ripe, she calls the Hero of this Poem.

Now May's and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day; 90
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls,
 What City-Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise, 95
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son;
 So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear. 100
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

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Mr. *Settle* was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his party; for he was the author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King *Charles* the second. He answered all *Dryden's* political Poems; and being cry'd up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts.) "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judg'd he had the better. In short *Settle* was then thought a formidable rival to Mr. *Dryden*; and not only the Town, but the University of *Cambridge* was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to *Elkanah*. DENNIS, *Pref. to Rem. on Hom.*

For the latter part of his history, see the third Book toward the end.

V. 96. *John Heywood*.] Whose Enterludes were printed in the time of *Henry* the eighth.

V. 101. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*.] The first edition had it, *She saw in Norton all his father shine*; a

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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great mistake ! for *Daniel de Foe* had parts, but *Norton de Foe* was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is *Daniel* himself made successor to *W. Pryn*, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politicks ; as appears by the poem *De jure Divino*, &c. of *De Foe*, and by these lines in *Cowley's Miscellanies* of the other.

— One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge :
Written by William Pryn Esqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for his high stile
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenc'd to the Pillory.

V. 102. And Eusden eke out, &c.] *Laurence Eusden*, Poet Laureate : Mr. *Jacob* gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. *Cook* in his *Battle of Poets* saith of him,
Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. *Oldmixon* in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414. affirms, " That of all the Galimatias he
" ever met with, none comes up to some verses of
" this Poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum
" and the Fustian in 'em as can well be jumbled to-
" gether, and are of that sort of nonsense which so per-
" fectly confounds all Ideas, that there is no distinct
" one left in the mind. Further he says of him, that
" he hath prophecy'd his own poetry shall be sweeter
" than *Catullus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*, but we have little
" hope of the accomplishment of it from what he
" hath lately publish'd." Upon which Mr. *Oldmixon*

In each she marks her image full exprest, 105
But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;

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has not spar'd a reflection, "That the putting the
"Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses,
"will give futurity a very lively idea of the Judg-
"ment and Justice of those who bestowed it." *Ibid.*
p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble
Person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have
screen'd him from this unmannerly reflection. Mr.
Eusden was made *Laureate* for the same reason that
Mr. *Tibbald* was made *Hero* of This Poem, because
there was no better to be had. Nor ought Mr. *Old-*
mixon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would
better have become his own brows, or any other's: It
were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the
Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter.

— *In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,*
But I the true Laureate to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd, that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

Session of Poets.

Of *Blackmore*, see book 2. verse 258. Of *Philips*,
book 3. verse 322.

Nabum Tate was Poet-Laureate, a cold writer, of
no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably when
befriended by Mr. *Dryden*. In his second part of *Ab-*
salom and *Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable
lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine
through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel
may be observed of another Author here mention'd.

V. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad.*] This is by no
means to be understood literally, as if Mr. D. were
really mad: No—it is spoken of that *Excellent* and
Divine Madness, so often mentioned by *Plato*, that

Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

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poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. *Arth.* [See notes on book 2. verse 258.]

SCRIBL.

V. 104. *And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] This verse in the surreptitious editions stood thus, *And furious D——foam, &c.* which, in that printed in *Ireland*, was unaccountably fill'd up with the great name of *Dryden*. Mr. *Theobald* in the *Censor*, Vol. 2. N^o 33. also calls Mr. *Dennis* by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be look'd on as more the
" object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes,
" laughter and contempt. Did we really know how
" much this *poor man* (*I wish that reflection on poverty*
" *had been spar'd*) suffers by being contradicted, or
" which is the same thing in effect, by hearing ano-
" ther praised; we should in compassion sometimes at-
" tend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away
" with the triumphs of his ill-nature. — *Poor Fu-*
" *rius (again)* when any of his cotemporaries are
" spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present
" dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the
" succour of the Ancients. His very *panegyrick* is
" *spiteful*, and he uses it for the same reason as some
" Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty,
" who never would have had their good word, but
" that a living one happened to be mentioned in their
" company. His applause is not the tribute of his
" *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*," &c. In-
deed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an
angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a
taste of his stile may be satisfactory to the curious.
" A young squab, short gentleman, whose outward
" form though it should be that of downright mon-

She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he fate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate; 110

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“key, would not differ so much from human shape,
“as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
“understanding. — He is as stupid and as venomous
“as a hunchbacked toad. — A book through which
“folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and im-
“potent, do ridiculously look very big, and very dull,
“and strut, and hobble cheek by jowl, with their
“arms on kimbo, being led, and supported, and
“bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence.

Reflect. on the Essay on Crit. pag. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this
Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. “I regard
“him (saith he) as an *Enemy*, not so much to me,
“as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion,
“and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity
“of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes
“pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemick *Mad-*
“*ness of the times*, have given him *Reputation*, and
“*Reputation* (as *Hobbs* says) is *Power*, and *that has*
“*made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my
“duty to *King George*, whose faithful subject I am;
“to my *Country*, of which I have appeared a con-
“stant lover; to the *Laws*, under whose protection
“I have so long lived; and to the *Liberty* of my
“*Country*, more dear than life to me, of which I
“have now for forty years been a constant asserter, &c.
“I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do — *you*
“*shall see what* — to pull the lion's skin from this
“little *Afs*, which popular error has thrown round
“him; and to shew, that this Author who has
“been lately so much in vogue, has neither *sense in*
“*his thoughts*, nor *english in his expressions*. DENNIS
Rem. on *Hom.* Pref. p. 2. and p. 91, &c.

Besides these publick-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay, 115
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;

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the title of *Shakespear Restored*: Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of *Miss's Journals*, June 8. "That to expose any errors in it was 'impracticable.'" And in another, April 27. "That 'whatever care might for the future be taken either 'by Mr. P. or any other assistants, he would still 'give above 500 emendations that *shall* escape them 'all.'" During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition, he publish'd Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26. 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own Proposal for *Homer*. Probably that Proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

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V. 115. He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.] Milt. l. 1.

Round he throws his eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.

The progress of a bad Poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the Devil in *Milton*) thro' a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties, not its own. 120

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V. 106. — *monster-breeding breast.*] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author; in which he alone could properly be represented as successor to *Settle*, who had written *Pope Joan*, *St. George for England*, and other pieces for *Bartlemew-Fair*. See book 3.

V. 109. — *supperless he sate.*] It is amazing how the sense of this has been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of *Homer's Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of Criticks and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, of what *Bosju* calls a *disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of Poesy brings all into action; and to represent a Critick encompass'd with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates

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V. 120. — *admires new beauties not its own.*] *Virg. Geor. 2.*
Miraturque frondes novas, & non sua poma.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great :
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat ;
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire ;

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and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 117. *Volumes, whose size, &c.*] This library is divided into two parts ; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem to be the models of his poetry, and are preferred for one of these three reasons (usual with collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures : The other class our author calls solid Learning ; old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old english Printers, or old english Translations ; all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness.

V. 121. — Ogilby the great.] *John Ogilby* was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well stile him the *Prodigy* of his time ! sending into the world so many large *Volumes* ! His translations of *Homer* and *Virgil*, done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures ! and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.

WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets.*

V. 122. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat.*] The *Dutchess of Newcastle* was one who busied her self in the ravishing delights of Poetry ; leaving to posterity in print three ample *Volumes* of her studious endeavours. WINSTANLY, *ibid.* *Langbaine* reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's ; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome 125
Well purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.

But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide. 130
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear:

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V. 126. ——— *worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.*] It was printed in the surreptitious editions, *W——ly*, *W——s*, who were persons eminent for good life. the one writ the *Life of Christ* in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restor'd according to its original.

George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The *Marshallsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him. WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull a writer, but an honest man. *Blome's* books are remarkable for their cuts.

V. 129. *Caxton.*] A Printer in the time of *Edw. 4. Rich. 3.* and *Henry 7.* *Wynkin de Word*, his successor, in that of *Henry 7.* and *8.* The former translated into prose *Virgil's Æneis* as a history; of which he speaks in his Proeme in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. *Vid. Append. N° 3.* *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of *March 16, 1728.* concerning a *straunge and mervayllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespear* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 135
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base; 149
Quarto's, Octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre;
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire;

Then he. Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 145
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!

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V. 133. *Nich. de Lyra*, or *Harpfeld*, a very voluminous commentator, whose works in five vast folios were printed in 1472.

V. 134. *Philemon Holland*, Dr. in Physick. He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else, insomuch that he might be call'd *Translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman a compleat Library*. WINSTANLY.

V. 142. *A little Ajax*.] In duodecimo, translated from *Sophocles* by *Tibbald*.

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V. 146. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end*.] *Virg. Eccl. 8*.

A te principium, tibi desinet — from *Theoc.*

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχόμεθα, καὶ εἰς Δία ἀνέξε, Μοῦσαι.

So *Horace*,

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camæna.

O thou, of business the directing soul,
 To human heads like byas to the bowl,
 Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view. 150
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand, 155
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies:
 There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains; 160
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.

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V. 162. *Nor sleeps one error — Old puns restore; lost blunders, &c.*] As where he laboured to prove Shakespear guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Cc-nundrums*, which Time had cover'd; and conversant in such authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkin*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, *He deserved to be whipt*. An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespear was a Rascal*. *O tempora! O mores!*

Scriblerus.

V. 164. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed

For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head, 165
 With all such reading as was never read;
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it; 170
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
 Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
 My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successless prove, 175
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below; 180
 Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.

REMARKS.

in *Miss's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of *Shakespear*.

V. 166. *With all such reading as was never read.*] Such as *Caxton* above-mentioned, the three destructions of *Troy* by *Wyntkin*, and other like classicks.

V. 168. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend, 185
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
 But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
 Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) Guide? 190
 Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?

REMARKS.

V. 189. *My Flaccus.*] A familiar manner of speaking used by modern Criticks of a favourite Author. Mr. T. might as justly speak thus of *Horace*, as a French wit did of *Tully*, seeing his works in a library. *Ab! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'est le meme que Marc Tulle.*

V. 190. *Take up th' Attorney's Guide.*] In allusion to his first profession of an Attorney.

V. 191. *Or rob the Roman geese, &c.*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which *Virgil*, *Æn.* 8.

*Atq; hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
 Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the

IMITATIONS.

V. 183. *Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, &c.*] *Virg.* *Æn.* 2.

*Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
 Has mihi servassent sedes.* —

V. 187. *Could Troy be sav'd — His gray-goose-weapon.*] *Virg.* *ibid.*

— *Si Pergama dextra
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,
 And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal, 195
 O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal.
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Unfall'd, unfold, thus glorious mount in fire

REMARKS.

antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say a goose *sings*? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird in *Ecl.* 9.

— *argutos interstrepere anser olores*.

Read it therefore *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? Does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleo recens horrebat regio culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it, *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

— *Auritas fidibus canoris*

Ducere quercus.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

V. 194. *Mighty Mist!*] Nathaniel Mist was publisher of a famous Tory Paper (see notes on l. 3.) in which this Author was sometimes permitted to have a part.

V. 197. *Adieu my children!*] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works which he is

IMITATIONS.

V. 197. *Adieu my children! &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 3.

— *Felix Priamēia virgo!*

*Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!*

Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vella, &c.

Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands; 200
 Or wasting ginger, round the streets to go,
 And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he list'd thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes; 205
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.

REMARKS.

going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

V. 200. *Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey land.*] Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastick verse, but best known by the *London Spy*, in prose. He has of late years kept a publick house in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party. JACOB *Lives of Poets*, vol. 2. p. 225. Great numbers of his works are yearly fold into the Plantations.

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V. 202. *And visit alehouse.*] Waller on the Navy.
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

V. 203. — He list'd thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropt it —]
 Ovid of *Althæa* on the like occasion, burning her offspring,

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cæpta quater tenuit, —

Met. 8.

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire. 210

REMARKS.

V. 208. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,*

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the play.

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,

And makes it scald my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between T. and a Watchmaker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this author, in which Ceres setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-house.

V. 210. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.]*

He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!

Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log.

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste* Val. Max. l. 9. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

V. 208. *Now flames old Memnon, &c.]* Virg. *Æn.* 2.

Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam

Vulcano superante, domus; jam proximus ardet

Ucalegon —

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head;
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed,

REMARKS.

V. 212. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See *Virgil Æn.* 2. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of *Troy's* destruction, rather than in *Wyntkin*. But I caution him alike in both, to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse*; there never having been any such thing. For first it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*, and secondly it was not a *Horse*, but a *Mare*. This is clear from many verses in *Virgil*,

Uterum armato milite complent —

Inclusos Utero Danaos —

Can a horse be said *Utero gestire*? Again,

Uteroq; recusso Insonuere cavæ —

Atq; utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay is it not expressly said,

Scandit fatalis machina muros

Fœta armis —

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a horse? and indeed can it be conceived, that the chaste and Virgin Goddess *Pallas* would employ her self in forming and fashioning the Male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our *Virgil Restored*.

SCRIBLER.

V. 214. *Thulè.*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed fifteen years ago; by *A. Ph.* a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it: Some critics have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre : 215
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face :
Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes her self into their airs. 220
She bids her wait him to the sacred Dome ;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home :
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat, 225
And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

R E M A R K S.

V. 221. — *the sacred Dome.*] The *Cave of Poverty* above-mentioned ; where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original ; as *Plato* says the Spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial regions. His dialogue of the Immortality of the soul was translated by *T.* in the familiar modern stile of *Prithee Phædo*, and *For God's sake Socrates* : printed for *B. Lintot*, 1713.

V. 226. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.*] He writ a poem call'd the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, " That some great genius, or man of distinguish'd merit may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 219. *Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs*

She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.]

Alma parens confessa Deam ; qualisq; videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta solet — *Virg. Æn. 2.*
Et lætos oculis afflarat honores. — *Id. Æn. 1.*

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows ;
 Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loitring into prose ;
 How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind: 230
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away.
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the Eel of science by the tail.
 How, with less reading than makes felons' scape, 335
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

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V. 240. *Can make a Cibber.*] Mr. Colly Cibber, an author and actor, of a good share of wit, and *uncommon vivacity*, which are much improved by the *conversation* he enjoys, which is of the *best*. JACOB *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 38. Besides two volumes of Plays in 4^o, he has made up and translated several others. Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy.

V. 240. — *Johnson.*] Charles Johnson, famous for writing a Play every season, and for being at *Button's* every day: he had probably thriven better in his vocation, had he been a small matter leaner: he may justly be called a martyr to obesity, and to have fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts. CHARACTER of the TIMES, pag. 19. Some of his Plays are, *Love in a Forest* (*Shakespeare's As you like it*) *Wife's Relief* (*Shirley's Gamester*) *The Victim* (*Racine's Iphigenia*) *The Sultaness* (*Racine's Bajazet*, the prologue

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed;
 And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl!
 Something betwixt a H***r and Owl,
 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again, 245
 My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, 'Settle cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of antient days,
 Safe where no criticks damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and highborn Howard rest. 250

REMARKS.

to which abused Dr. *Arburthnot*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*) The *Cobler of Preston*, his own.

V. 240. — Or *Ozell*.] Mr. *John Ozell*, if we credit Mr. *Jacob*, did go to school in *Leicestershire*, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to *Cambridge* in order for Priesthood; but he chose rather be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *Arithmetick*, and writing the necessary hands. He has oblig'd the world with many translations of French Plays. *JACOB Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

V. 244. A H***r.] A strange bird from *Switzerland*. — Here, in the *Dublin* edition, was absurdly inserted the name of an eminent Lawyer and Member of Parliament, who was a man of wit, and a friend of the author.

V. 250. Where *Gildon*, *Banks*, and *high-born Howard* rest.] *Charles Gildon*, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at *St. Omer's* with the Jesuits, but renouncing Popery, he publish'd *Blount's* books against the Divinity of Christ, the *Oracles of reason*, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands, that flow with clenches and with puns!
 'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
 'Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne!

I see! I see! — Then rapt, she spoke no more. 255
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)

REMARKS.

Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. *Wycherley* printed by *Curl*, in another called the *New Rehearsal* printed in 1714, in a third entitled the *Compleat Art of English Poetry* in 2 volumes, and others.

V. 350. *Banks*.] Was author of the play of the *Earl of Essex*, *Ann Boleyn*, &c. He followed the law as a Solicitor, like *Tibbald*.

V. 250. — *Howard*.] Hon. *Edward Howard*, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late *Earls of Dorset* and *Rochester*, *Duke of Buckingham*, *Mr. Wal-ler*, &c.

V. 258. *As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby*.] See his *Æsop Fab.* where this excellent hemystic is to be found. Our author manifests here and elsewhere, a prodigious *Tenderness* for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage perhaps in all that ever *Ogilby* writ; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his *Poems*, 4°. 1717. where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets: What we call a *Genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: And if it be

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

REMARKS.

“ never so great, he can at first discover it no other
“ way than by that strong propensity, which renders
“ him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no
“ other method but to make the experiment by writing,
“ and so appealing to the judgment of others:
“ And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly
“ no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object
“ of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect,
“ that even the worst authors might endeavour to
“ please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something
“ at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with
“ them, but for their Obstinacy in persisting, and even
“ that may admit of alleviating circumstances: For
“ their particular friends may be either ignorant, or
“ unsincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred,
“ to shock them with a truth which generally their
“ booksellers are the first that inform them of.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK the SECOND.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt Tub, or Fleckno's Irish Throne,

REMARKS ON BOOK the SECOND.

TWO things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all Verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that the Author could never fail to use the very best word, on every occasion: The second, that the Critic cannot chuse but

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V. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton,
lib. 2.

*High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, ———*

Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs;

REMARKS.

know, which that is? This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first that the author could never have us'd it, and secondly, that he must have us'd that very one which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot therefore enough admire the learned *Scriblerus*, for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus,

*Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!*

He has with great judgment transposed these two epithets, putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

V. 2. *Henley's gilt Tub.*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator *Henley* was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book 3. verse 195.

V. 2. *Or Fleckno's Irish Throne.*] *Richard Fleckno* was an Irish Priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanick part of Priesthood. He printed some Plays, Poems, Letters and Travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. *Dryden*, to which this bears some resemblance; tho' of a character more different from it than that of the *Aeneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of *Boileau* from the *Défaite des Bouts rimés* of *Sarazin*.

V. 3. *Or that, where on her Curls the Public pours.*] *Edm. Curll* stood in the Pillory at *Charing-Cross*, in March, 1727-8.

Great Tibbald nods: The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
 Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round, 10
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit;
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of Wit:

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
 By herald hawkers, high heroic Games.
 She summons all her sons: An endless band 15
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
 A motley mixture! in long wigs; in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots; 20

REMARKS:

V. 11. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] *Camillo Querno* was of *Apulia*, who hearing the great encouragement which *Leo* the tenth gave to Poets, travell'd to *Rome* with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a Poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to *Leo*, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest, which the Court of *Rome* and the Pope himself entred into so far, as to cause him to ride on an Elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn Festival on his Coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *PAULUS JOVIUS*, *Elog. Vir. doct. ch.* 82. Some idea of his Poetry is given by *Fam. Strada* in his *Prolusions*.

All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that Area wide she took her stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand;
But now, so ANNE and Piety ordain, 25
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a field for all;
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke: 30

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, 35
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.

All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,

IMITATIONS.

V. 31. *A Poet's Form she plac'd before their eyes.*]
This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* 10.
Tum dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimilat capitis—Dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum—

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary: There ſeems to me a great propriety in this Epiſode, where ſuch an one is imagin'd by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting Bookſeller.

V. 35. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards.*] *Virg.* 12.
Vix illud leſti bis ſex—
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead, 40
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit;
 So like, that criticks said and courtiers swore, 45
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, More.

REMARKS.

V. 43. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a *Wit*, (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconcil'd to probability by the known story of *Apelles*, who being at a loss to express the foam of *Alexander's* horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happen'd to do it by that fortunate stroke.

V. 46. *And call'd the phantom, More.*] *CURL* in his *Key to the Dunciad*, affirm'd this to be *James Moore Smith, Esq;* and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a *Plagiary*, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a Man I have heard of, who as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir (said the Thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did it for mere want: be so good but to take "it privately out of my pocket again, and say no- "thing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See Gentlemen! what a Thief we have among "us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief."

Some time before, he had borrowed of *Dr. Arbuthnot* a paper call'd an *Historico-physical* account of the *South-Sea*; and of *Mr. Pope* the *Memoirs* of a *Parish* *Clark*, which for two years he kept, and read to the

All gaze with ardour : some, a Poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

Rev. Dr. *Young*, — *Billers*, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being apply'd to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of Apr. 3. 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) occasion'd their being lost, and for that cause only not return'd." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance, attested by Mr. *Savage* son of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. *Moore*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was call'd *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. *Moore* the next morning sent to Mr. *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That *Pope* might now be the *first*, because *Moore* had left him unrival'd in turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work; the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7 with this modest Motto,

Hic cæstus, artemque repono,

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans*; *Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. *W*. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a *Friend*. Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker*; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose ;

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it, are my foes : 50

“ With me began this genius, and shall end.

He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl, “ Behold that rival here !

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Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagin'd by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion ; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spell'd *Moore* but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well prov'd the contrary.

V. 46. *The phantom, More.*] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious ; *More* from *μωρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a Plagiary. Thus *Erasmus* : *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriae vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriae Encomion* to Sir *Tho. More* ; the Farewel of which may be our Author's to his Plagiary, *Vale More ! & Moriam tuam gnawiter defende. Adieu More, and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.*

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 49. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers : persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. *Lintot* here imitates that of *Dares* in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull*. This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* above-mentioned.

V. 54. *Stood dauntless Curl, &c.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. *Edmond Curl*. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what

" The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won ; 53
So take the hindmost Hell.—He said, and run.

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it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possess'd himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be own'd that he is here introduc'd with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid *Diomed*; he runs like the swift-footed *Achilles*; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved *Nisus*; and (what *Homer* makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favour'd of the Gods: He says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of *Jupiter*. Tho' he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother her self comfort him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as *Achilles* receives from *Thetis* and *Aeneas* from *Venus*) at once instructive and prophetic: After this, he is unrival'd and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: Many weigh-

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V. 54, &c. Something like this is in *Homer II. 10. ver. 220. of Diomed*. Two different manners of the same author in his Similes, are also imitated in the two following; the first of the Bailiff, is short, unadorn'd, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life*; the second of the Water-fowl more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 55th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in *Homer*.

V. 56. *So take the hindmost Hell.*] *Horace de Art.*
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-strip'd the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
 On feet and wings, and flies; and wades, and hops; 60
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

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ty animadversions on the Publick affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on Private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he ow'd two verses to any other, he ow'd Mr. *Curl* some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances! but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court-Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threaten'd, and afterwards punish'd for it by Mr. *Pope*, he generously transferr'd it from *her* to *him*, and has now printed it twelve years in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owes all the favours since received from him. So true is the saying of Dr. *Sydenham*, that
 "any one shall be, at some time or other, the better
 "or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good,
 "or a bad man."

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V. 60. On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades,
 and hops;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.] *Milton*, lib. 2.

— So eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' strait, rough, dense or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 65
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make;
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand. 70
 Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid;

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V. 66. *Curl's Corinna.*] This name it seems was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured some private Letters of Mr. *Pope's*, while almost a boy, to Mr. *Cromwell*, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to *Curl*, who printed them in 12^o 1727. He has discover'd her to be the publisher in his *Key*, p. 11. But our Poet had no thought of reflecting on her in this passage; on the contrary, he has been inform'd she is a decent woman and in misfortunes. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those Letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

V. 71. *Obscene with filth, &c.*] Tho' this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic

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V. 69. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*] *Virg. Æn. 3. of Nisus.*

*Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis
 Fusus humum viridesq; super madefecerat herbas—
 Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.*

V. 70. *And Bernard, Bernard.*] *Virg. Ecl. 6.*

— Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore, 75
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms,

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Poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of *Homer* and *Virgil*; the very words *Ov* and *Fimus* are used by them, tho' our Poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enrich'd and colour'd his language, as well as rais'd the versification, in these two Episodes. Mr. *Dryden* in *Mac-Fleckno* has not scrupled to mention *the Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the *Thames*, *Pissing Ally*, *Reliques of the Bum*, *Whipstich*, *Kiss my —*, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of *Virgil* in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the Exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *Tickling*, *Chatting*, *Braying*, or *Diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such Games as were proportion'd to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Ajax* and *Nisus*, the persons drawn in this plight are *Heroes*; whereas here there are such, with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between *Libellers* and common *Nuances*. Nevertheless I have often heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleas'd him least: but that he hoped 'twas excusable, since levell'd at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with *Porters* and *Oyster-wench*es.

V. 78. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, *Curl's* sign, the Cross-keys, *Lintol's*.
Q

A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
 Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease. 86
 There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various Vows of fond mankind,
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky, 87
 With reams abundant this abode supply;
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distills.
 In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands; 88
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Votry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet.

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V. 79. See *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus*; where this Fiction is more extended.

V. id. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas.*]
Ovid Met. 12.

*Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasq; fretumq;
 Cælestesq; plagas —*

V. 88. Alludes to *Homer, Iliad 5.*

— ἦν δ' Ἀμβροσίον ἄμα Θούρῃ.

Ἰχὺς, οἷον πῖς τε γὰρ μανδραγόρι Θούρῃ.

*A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed. Milton.*

V. 89. *Cloacina.*] *The Roman Goddess of the Common-shores.*

V. 93. *Oft as he fish'd, &c.*] See the Preface to *Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.*

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force, 93
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face. 100

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ;
 A shapeless shade ! it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night !
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care : 103
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air :
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.

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V. 96. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are Ointments us'd by Witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

V. 100. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*] *Virg. Æn. 5.*

— faciem ostentabat, & udo
Turpia membra fumo —

V. 103. *A shapeless shade, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*

— Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

V. 106. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air.*] *Virg. 6. of the Sybils leaves,*

Carmina — turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

The persons mentioned in the next line are some of those, whose writings, epigrams or jests, he had own'd.

Th' embroider'd Suit, at least, he deem'd his prey ;
 That suit, an unpaid Taylor snatch'd away ! 110
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet Choir 115
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;

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V. 211. *An unpaid Taylor.*] This line has been loudly complain'd of in *Mist*, June 8. *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *Poverty of Poets* : but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a Jury of *Taylor*s. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad PAYMASTER, since the person to whom they have here apply'd it was a man of Fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *Non-payment* : which Mr. Dennis so far asserts : as boldly to pronounce, that " if *Homer* " himself was not in debt, it was because no body " would trust him." (*Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.)

V. 116. *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These Authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. — *Besaleel Morris* was author of some Satyrs on the Translators of *Homer* (Mr. Tickel and our author) with many other things printed in News-papers. — *Bond* writ a satyr against Mr. P. — Capt. *Breval* was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some Ladies of quality. CURL, Key, p. 11.

Mears, Warner, Wilkins run; Delusive thought!
 Breval, Befaleel, Bond, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John! 120
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became when seiz'd, a Puppy, or an Ape.

To him the Goddess. Son! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town.
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade, 125
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,

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V. 117. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

V. 118. *Breval, Befaleel, Bond.*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on verse 46. of this Book, that *More* was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as Phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, Reader! these also are not real persons. 'Tis true *Curl* declares *Breval*, a Captain, author of a piece call'd *The Confederates*: But the same *Curl* first said it was written by *Joseph Gay*: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms *Bond* to be one who writ a satire on our Poet; but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for *Befaleel*, it carries Forgery in the very name, nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend on it no such authors ever lived: all phantoms!

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V. 120. *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by *Curl* before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. *Gay's*.

V. 124. *And turn th's whole illusion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this Bookseller, to publish

(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mary's)
Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift ;

130

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vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

V. 130. Cook *shall be* Prior.] The man here specify'd was the son of a *Maggletonian*, who kept a Publick-house at *Braintree* in *Essex*. He writ a thing call'd *The Battle of Poets*, of which *Philips* and *Wells* were the heroes, and wherein our author was attack'd in his moral character, in relation to his *Homer* and *Shakespear* : He writ moreover a Farce of *Penelope*, in the preface of which also he was squinted at : and some malevolent things in the *British*, *London* and *Daily Journals*. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which *Theobald* writ notes, and half-notes, as hath already been said.

V. *ibid.* And Concanen, Swift.] *Matthew Concanen*, an *Irishman*, an anonymous slanderer and publisher of other men's slanders, particularly on Dr. *Swift*, to whom he had obligations and from whom he had received both in a collection of Poems for his benefit and otherwise, no small assistance ; To which *Smedley* (one of his brethren in enmity to *Swift*) alludes in his *Metam. of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accusing him of having " boasted of what he had not written, but " others had revis'd and done for him." He was also author of several scurrilities in the *British* and *London Journals* ; and of a pamphlet call'd a *Supplement* to the *Profund*, wherein he deals very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently blaming Mr. *Broome*'s verses as his, (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others. To this rare piece, some-body humorously caus'd him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamaui*.

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.)

R E M A R K S.

V. 132. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Dr. Garth, Mr. Walsb, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Addison, Lord Lansdown; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserv'd it. It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on This subject, yet he found means to insert their panegyrick, and here has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend thro' life, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of Satire. The *Dispensary* attack'd the whole Body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets (if in truth this can be call'd a Body, of which no two members ever agreed) It also did what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his Subject*. Much more would Boileau have incur'd his censure, who left all subjects whatever on all occasions, to fall upon the bad Poets; which it is to be fear'd wou'd have been more immediately His concern.

V. 134. *Ruful length of face.*] "The decrepid
" person or figure of a man are no reflections upon

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 133. — *piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face.]
Virg. *Æn.* 5.

— *Risit pater optimus illi.*
Me liceat casum miserare infantis amici—
Sic satus, Gætuli tergum immane leonis, &c.

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;

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“ his *Genius* : An honest mind will love and esteem a
“ *man of worth*, tho' he be deform'd or poor. Yet
“ the author of the *Dunciad* hath libell'd a person for
“ his *ruful length of face* !” *MIST; JOURN. June 8.*
This *Genius* and *man of worth* whom an honest mind
should love, is Mr. *Curl*. True it is, he stood in the
Pillory ; an accident which will lengthen the face of
any man tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no
reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. *Curl*. But as
to reflections on any man's Face, or Figure, Mr. *Dennis*
saith excellently ; “ Natural deformity comes not
“ by our fault, 'tis often occasioned by calamities and
“ diseases, which a man can no more help, than a
“ monster can his deformity. There is no one mis-
“ fortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest
“ of men are subject to. — But the deformity of
“ this Author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable,
“ and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and
“ Nature upon him, to give us warning that we
“ should hold no society with him, as a creature not
“ of our original, nor of our species : And they who
“ have refused to take this warning which God and
“ Nature have given them, and have in spite of it
“ by a senseless presumption, ventur'd to be familiar
“ with him, have severely suffer'd, &c. 'Tis certain
“ his original is not from *Adam*, but from the De-
“ vil,” &c. *DENNIS and GILDON Charact. of*
Mr. P. 8^o. 1716.

It is admirably observ'd by Mr. *Dennis* against Mr.
Law, p. 33. “ That the language of *Billingsgate* can
“ never be the language of Charity, nor consequently
“ of Christianity.” I should else be tempted to use
the language of a Critick : For what is more provok-
ing to a Commentator, than to behold his author thus
pourtrayed ? Yet I consider it really hurts not *Him* ;
whereas maliciously to call some others dull, might

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

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do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it :
Therefore tho' Mr. D. may call another a *little ass*
or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *tooth-*
less lion, or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these
Notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language,
I might have given him the appellations of *Balatro*,
Calceatum caput, or *Scurra in triviis*, being phrases in
good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned :
But in our mother-tongue were I to tax any Gentle-
man of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not
to the vulgar intelligible, whereby christian charity,
decency, and good accord among authors, might be
preserved.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 135. *A shaggy Tap'stry.*] A sorry kind of Ta-
pestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some
coarser stuff : like that which is spoken of by Doctor
Donne — *Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ*
in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to
the mantle of Cloanthus in *Æn.* 5.

V. 136. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of
Codrus the Poet's bed see *Juvenal*, describing his
poverty very copiously, *Sat.* 3. v. 203, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short legs hung dangling out :
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd ;
And to support this noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on Heroic Verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.

Dryd.

Ear-les on high, stood un-abash'd Defoe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below : 140
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue :
 Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,
 As from the blanket high in air he flies,

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But Mr. C. in his dedication of the Letters, Advertisements, &c. to the author of the *Dunciad*, assures us, that "*Juvenal* never satyriized the poverty of *Codrus*."

John Dunton was a broken Bookseller and abusive scribbler : he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satyr on some Ministers of State ; *The danger of a death-bed repentance*, a libel on the late Duke of Devonshire and on the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

V. 140. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge,*] *John Tutchin*, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the *Observer* : He was sentenc'd to be whipp'd thro' several towns in the west of England upon which he petition'd King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane Elegies on his death. He liv'd to the time of Queen Anne.

V. 141. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the *Flying-Post* and *Post-Boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately were cudgell'd, and deserv'd it.

V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*] The history of *Curl's* being toss'd in a blanket, and

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V. 143. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 1.

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Constitit & lacrymans. Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regis in terris nostræ non plena laboris?

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows 145
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd;
Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;

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whipp'd by the scholars of *Westminster*, is ingeniously and pathetically related in a poem entituled *Neck or Nothing*. Of his purging and vomiting, see *A full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c.*

V. 149. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd.*] In this game is expos'd in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of That sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults and misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin or disturbance of publick fame or private happiness. Our good Poet, (by the whole cast of his work being oblig'd not to take off the Irony) where he cou'd not show his indignation, hath shewn his contempt as much as possible: having here drawn as vile a picture, as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

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V. 149. *Eliza Haywood.*] This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, call'd *The Court of*

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V. 148. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green.*] A parody on these of a late noble author,
*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.*

V. 150. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waste.*] Virg. *Æn.* 5.

Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
 The Goddess then: "Who best can fend on high 153
 "The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
 "His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 "This China-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
 "Replenish, not ingloriously, at home. 158

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Carimania, and *The new Utopia*: For the *two Babes of Love*, See *CURL, Key*, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely 'twas what from him she little deserv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for *Reformation of Manners*, and declared her self "to be so perfectly acquainted with
 "the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness
 "with which he consider'd the errors of his fellow-creatures; that tho' she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she
 "was certain it would be done in such a manner as
 "she could not but approve," Mrs. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18.

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V. 155. ———— *This Juno ————*
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to *Homer's Βούπρις πρότυα* Hgn.

V. 157. *This China Jordan, &c.]* Virg. *Æn.* 5.
Tertius, Argolica hac galea contentus abito.

V. *ibid.* *This China Jordan.]* In the games of *Homer II.* 23. there are set together as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle; as in this place Mrs. *Haywood* and a *Jordan*. But there the preference in value is given to the *Kettle*, at which *Mad. Dacier* is justly displeas'd: Mrs. *H.* here is treated with distinction, and acknowledg'd to be the more valuable of the two.

Chetwood and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife)
 This on his manly confidence relies,
 That on his vigor and superior size.
 First Chetwood lean'd against his letter'd post; 163
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most;
 So Jove's bright bow displays its watry round,
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 For straining more, it flies in his own face;
 Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ners eyes who turns the cock.

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V. 152. *Kirkall*, the Name of a Graver. This Lady's Works were printed in four Volumes duod. with her picture thus dress'd up, before them.

V. 159. *Chetwood* the name of a Bookseller, whose Wife was said to have as great an influence over her husband, as *Boileau's Perruquiere*. See *Lutrin. Cant. 2.*
 —*Henry Curl*, the worthy son of his father *Edmund*.

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V. 161. *This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigor.* Virg. *Æn. 5.*

Ille melior motu, fretusque juventa,

Hic membris & mole valens —

V. 165. *So Jove's bright bow — Sure sign —* The words of *Homer* of the Rainbow, in *Iliad 11.*

ὅς τε Κερίων

Εν νεφελῇ στήθε, τρεῖς μετέπειν ἀνθρώπων.

Which *Mad. Dacier* thus renders, *Aras merveilleux, que le fils de Saturne à fondex dans les nées, pour etre dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels.*

Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking, flourish'd o'er his head.
 So, (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,) 175
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

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V. 175. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

*And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
 His rapid waters in their passage glow.*

This I cannot but think the right: For first, tho' the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance — a *Jenesçay quoy* — which is much easier to be conceiv'd than explain'd. Secondly, every reader of our Poet must have observ'd how frequently he uses

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V. 173. *So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus.*] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Geor. 4.

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
 Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguis culta
 In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.*

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flow'd thro' the skies. Denham, *Cooper's Hill*.

*Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame like thine in lesser currents lost,
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.*

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes ;
 Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 178
 Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, leads away.
 Chetwood, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
 But now for Authors nobler palms remain ; 183
 Room for my Lord ! three Jockeys in his train:

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this word *glow* in other parts of his works : To instance only in his *Homer*,

- (1.) Iliad 9. v. 726.—*With one resentment glows.*
- (2.) Iliad 11. v. 626.—*There the battle glows.*
- (3.) Ibid. 985.—*The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.*
- (4.) Il. 12. v. 55.—*Encompass'd Hector glows.*
- (5.) Ibid. 475.—*His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.*
- (6.) Iliad 18. v. 591.—*Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.*
- (7.) Ibid. v. 654.—*And curl'd on silver props in order glow.*

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent, but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which therefore let all future Editions replace here.

I am aware after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at that time. But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity, than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. *This Note is partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly SERJEN-TERS.*

Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His honour'd meaning Dulness thus exprest;
 "He wins this Patron who can tickle best." 188

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait,
 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face, 193
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
 Wellsted his mouth with Classic flatt'ry opes,
 And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes. 198
 But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm;

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V. 195. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevail'd in *England* near ten years.

V. 197. *Wellsted*.] See Note on verse 295 of this Book.

V. 199. *But Oldmixon, &c.*] Mr. *John Oldmixon* (next to Mr. *Dennis* the most ancient Critick of our Nation) not so happy as laborious in poetry, and therefore perhaps characteriz'd by the *Tatler* N^o. 62. by the name of *Omicron* the unborn Poet. *CURL*, Key to the D. p. 13. An unjust censurer of Mr. *Addison* in his Prose Essay on Criticism whom also in his imitation of *Bouhours* (call'd the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact: for in p. 45. he cites the *Spectator* as abusing Dr. *Swift* by name, where there is not the least hint of it; And

Unlucky Oldmixon ! thy lordly master
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair, 205
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows ? the Queen of Love
His Sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.

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in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr. Addison himself writ that *Tatler* N^o. 43. which says of his own *Simile*, that " 'tis as great as ever enter'd in-
" to the mind of man." This person wrote numbers of books which are not come to our knowledge. " Dramatick works, and a volume of Poetry, consist-
" ing of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very
" well done," saith that great Judge Mr. JACOB. *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 2. p. 303.

I remember a *Pastoral* of his on the *Battle of Blenheim*; a *Critical History of England*; *Essay on Criticism*, in prose, *The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, in which he frequently reflects on our Author. We find in the *Flying-Post* of Apr. 13. 1728. some very flat verses of his against him and Dr. Sw. He was all his life a hired writer for a Party, and received his reward in a small place which he yet enjoys.

V. 205. *A youth unknown to Phoebus, &c.*] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men; That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puff Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBLERS.

Q

As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ; 210
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
 Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart, 215
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell. 220

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V. 218. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously perform'd by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cry'd, "S'death! that is my Thunder."

V. 220. *With a tolling Bell.*] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of Tragedy.

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V. 215. *To move, to raise, &c. — Let others aim — 'Tis yours to shake, &c. —*] Virgil, *Æn* 6.
Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducant e marmore vultus, &c.
Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes —

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Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe,
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base 225
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in :
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise, and Norton, Brangling, and Breval, 230
Dennis, and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Catcall each shall win,
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end, 235
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

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V. 223. *Three Catcalls.*] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Criticks to confound the Poets of the Theatre. They are of great antiquity, if we may credit *Florent. Christ. on Aristophanes* *ἰππεῖς*, Act. 1. *Parabasis Chori.*

V. 230. *Norton.* See verse 383—*J. Durant Breval*, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, V. 118.

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V. 233. — *A Catcall each shall win, &c. Virg. Ecl. 3.*

*Non inter nos est tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic —*

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake, 240
 Sore sighs Sir G * *, starting, at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay !
 So swells each windpipe ; As intones to As,
 Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass.
 Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows, 245
 High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again :
 In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ; 250

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V. 237.] A *Simile* with a long tail, in the manner of *Homer*.

V. 248. — *bray back to him again*] A figure of speech taken from *Virgil*.

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Geor. 3.

*He bears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighbouring hills low back to them again.*

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *Bray*, which he endeavour'd to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour*, *War*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthen'd by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.

V. 250. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*] *Virg. Ecl. 8.*

Immemor barbarum quos est mirata juvenca.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, *Tot'nam*.

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round :
Thames waft it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-ecchoes, bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song, 255
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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V. 251. *Long Chanc'ry-lane.*] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept : The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegoriz'd in these lines.

V. 256. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt. who (as Mr. Dryden express'd it) *Writ to the rumbling of his Coach's wheels*, and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, 20 Books; *Eliza*, 16; *Alfred*, 12; *The Redeemer*, 6: besides *Job* in folio, the whole *Book of Psalms*, *The Creation*, 7 Books, *Nature of Man*, 3 Books, and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is stiled afterwards, the *Everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that " this admirable author " did not think himself upon the *same foot* with Homer." *Comp. Art of Poetry*, Vol. 1. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of *Characters of the Times*? p. 25. who says, " Sir Richard is unfortunate in happening to mistake his " proper talents, and that he has not for many years " been so much as named, or even thought of among

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fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virg. *Æn.* 7. on the sounding the horn of *Aletto*.

*Audiit & Trivia longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c.*

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-pray'r and flagellation end.)

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“writers.” Even Mr. *Dennis* differs greatly from his friend Mr. *Gildon*: “*Blackmore’s Action* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful: His Characters have none of the necessary qualifications.—The things contain’d in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic.—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir *Richard* has no *Genius*; first laying down “that *Genius* is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many Men (says he) have their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers: Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the foremention’d motions, without the extraordinary hints; And these we call fustian writers. But he declares, that Sir *Richard* had neither the Hints, nor the Motions.” *Remarks on Pr. Arth.* 8°. 1696. *Preface*.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. *Dryden*, and in his last of Mr. *Pope*, accusing him in very high and sober terms of prophaneity and immorality (*Essay on polite writing*, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on a meer report from *Edm. Curl*, that he was author of a *Travestie* on the first Psalm. Mr. *Dennis* took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir *Richard* had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. (*Remarks on Homer.* 8°. p. 27.) ‘It was he who burlesqu’d the Psalm of *David*. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqu’d by a *Popish*

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames; 266

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"*Rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be Rakes, let 'em be Scoundrels, let 'em be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings. Now show me another *Popish rhymester* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. *Dennis*; he has employ'd the same against Sir *Richard* himself in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. "All Mr. *Blackmore's* celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common receiv'd opinion, so are directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of *England*: For the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of *England* that miracles had ceas'd a long time before Prince *Arthur* came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of *England* be true, as we are oblig'd to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince *Arthur* unsufferable, as wanting not only human but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false: So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider, &c." *Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur*.

It has been suggested in the Character of Mr. *P.* that he had Obligations to Sir *R. B.* He never had any, and never saw him but twice in his Life.

V. 258. *As morning pray'r and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipp'd in *Bridewell*.—This is to mark punctually the Time of

The King of dykes ! than whom, no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
 " Here strip my children ! here at once leap in !
 " Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 " And who the most in love of dirt excel, 265
 " Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 " Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 " The stream, be his the Weekly Journals, bound ;

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the day : *Homer* does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers dinner ; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his Poem ; which we may remember commenc'd in the *evening* of the Lord-mayor's day : The first book passed in that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in the *Strand*, thence along *Fleet-street* (places inhabited by Bookfellers) then they proceed by *Bridewell* toward *Fleetditch*, and lastly thro' *Luigate* to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

V. 261. *The Diving.*] This I fancy (says a great Enemy to the Poem) is a Game which no body could ever think of but the Author : however it is work'd up admirably well, especially in those lines where he describes *Eusden* (he should say *Smedley*) rising up again. ESSAY on the DUNCIAD, p. 19.

V. 264, 265, 266.] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers ; to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guests.

V. 268. *The Weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties

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V. 261. *The King of dykes, &c.*] Virg.

Eridanus, rex fluviorum ———

——— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,

In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.

“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best:
 “ A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest. 270

In naked majesty great Dennis stands,
 And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands,

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and frequently shifting from one side to the other, call'd the *London Journal*, *Mist's Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c. the writers of which for some time were *Welfted*, *Roome*, *Molloy*, *Concanen*, and others; persons never seen by our author.

V. 270. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the Poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the Post is spoken of, how much our hatred to those characters is lessen'd, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, a *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the Post, &c.

V. 271. *In naked majesty great Dennis stands.*] The reader, who hath seen in the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. *Dennis* paid to our author, might here expect a particular regard to be shewn him; and consequently may be surprized at his sinking at once, in so few lines, never to rise again! But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having more generously than the rest, set his *name* to such works. He was not only a formidable Critick who for many years had written against every thing that had success, (the Antagonist of Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Sir *Richard Steele*, Mr. *Addison*, and Mr. *Pope*) but a zealous Politician: (not only appearing in his works, where *Poetry* and the *State* are always equally concerned, but in many secret hints and sage advices given to the Ministers of all reigns.) He is here likened to *Milo*, in allusion to that verse of *Ovid*,

—*Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere latentes;*

Then sighing, thus. " And am I now threescore ?
 " Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four ?
 He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height, 275
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
 Next Smedley div'd ; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more. 280

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either with regard to his great Age, or because he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an Oak that was too strong for him.

——— *Remember Milo's end,
 Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.*

Lord Rosc.

V. 273. ——— *And am I now threescore ?*] I shall here, to prove my impartiality, remark a great oversight in our author as to the age of Mr. Dennis. He must have been some years above threescore in the Mayoralty of Sir George Thorold, which was in 1720, and Mr. Dennis was born (as he himself inform'd us in Mr. Jacob's Lives before mention'd) in 1657 ; since when he has happily liv'd eight years more, and is already senior to Mr. Dursley, who hitherto of all our Poets, enjoy'd the longest, bodily, life.

V. 279. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was apply'd to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immers'd in dirty work : whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are tax'd of nothing else in book 1. verse 102. But the person here mention'd, an *Irishman*, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly *Whitball Journal*

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
He bears no token of the fabler streams, 285
And mounts far off, among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!

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in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker, and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, call'd *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in 89. 1728.

V. 283. *Then * * try'd.*] This is an instance of the Tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a Mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when, he fell under a second Mistake, and abus'd both him and his Friend.

He is a writer of genius and spirit, tho' in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a Panegyric instead of a Satire, being edify'd beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a Poet, confessing himself in an error: and has suppress'd his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance.

V. 287. *Concanen.*] In the former editions there were only Asterisks in this place; this name was since

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V. 281. ——— and call on Smedley lost, &c.] Lord Roscommon's translation of Virgil's 6th Eclog.

*Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast.*

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies: 290
 No noise, no stir, no motion can't thou make,
 Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
 Not Welsted so: drawn endlong by his scull,
 Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest, 295
 With all the Might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead. 300

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inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

V. 293. *Welsted.*] *Leonard Welsted*, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from *Palæmon* to *Celia* at *Bath*, which was meant for a Satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. The strength of the metaphors in this passage is to express the great scurrility and fury of this writer, which may be seen, One day, in a Piece of his call'd (as I think) *Labeo*. He writ other things which we cannot remember. *Smedley* in his *Metam. of Scrib.* mentions one, the *Hymn* of a *Gentleman* to the *Creator*: and there was another in praise either of a *Cellar* or a *Garret*. *L. W.* characteris'd in the treatise *πρὸς τὸ βᾶθῆς* or the Art of Sinking as a *Didapper*, and after as an *Eel*, is said to be this person, by *DENNIS Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He is mentioned again in book 3.

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V. 290. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*] *Virg. Æn. 5.*
Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c.

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood.
 Lo Smedley rose, in majesty of mud!
 Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares; 305
 Then thus the wonders of the Deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown, 310
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below;
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,

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V. 312. *As Hylas fair.*] Who was ravish'd by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by *Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 3. Argon.* See *Virg. Ecl. 6.*

V. 314, &c. *A branch of Styx, &c.*] *Homer, Il. 2. Catal.*

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τίσσεήσιον εἰς ἐνέμοντο,
 ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πλωεὶν προΐει καλλιρροὸν ὕδαρ,
 Οὐδ' ὄγε Πλωεῖα συμμίσγεται ἀγυροδίνῃ,
 Ἀλλὰ τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρίπτει ἥϊτ' ἑλαιόν.
 Ὁρᾷ γὰρ δαῖν, Στυγὸς ὕδατος, εἶναι ἀπορρώξ.

IMITATIONS.

V. 302. — *in Majesty of mud.*] *Milton,*
 — *in majesty of darkness round*

Circled

V. 305. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] *Virg. 6. of the Sybil.*

— *majorque videri*

Nec mortale sonans —

That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams, 315
 And wasting vapours from the Land of Dreams,
 (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: Each city-bowl is full
 Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull. 320
 How to the banks where bards departed doze,
 They led him soft; how all the bards arose;
 Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;

REMARKS.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, *Odysf.* 24. See also *Lucian's* true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets equally dull and extravagant. Of *Alphæus* his waters gliding secretly under the sea of *Pisa*, to mix with those of *Arethuse* in *Sicily*, vid. *Moschus* *Idyl.* 8. *Virg. Ecl.* 19.

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
 Doris amara suam nam intermisceat undam.*

And again, *Æn.* 3.

— *Alphæum, fama est, buc Elidis amnem
 Occultas egisse vias, subter mare, qui nunc
 Ore Arethusa tua, Siculis confunditur undis.*

V. 323. Taylor, sweet bird of Thames.] *John Taylor* the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he

IMITATIONS.

V. 321. How to the banks, &c.] *Virg. Ecl.* 6.
*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
 Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexit omnis;
 Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
 Aferæo quos ante seni ——— &c.*

While Milbourn there, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
 And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine.

He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confest
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress,
 Slow moves the Goddess from the sable flood,
 (Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.

REMARKS.

learn'd not so much as his *Accidence*: a rare example
 of modesty in a Poet!

*I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my Accidence,
 For having got from Possum to Posset,
 I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.*

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I.
 and Charles I. and afterwards (like *Edw. Ward*) kept
 an Alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

V. 324. *And Shadwell nods the poppy.* *Shadwell*
 took Opium for many years, and died of too large a
 dose of it, in the year 1692.

V. 325. *While Milbourn.* *Luke Milbourn* a Clergy-
 man, the fairest of Criticks; who when he wrote
 against Mr. *Dryden's Virgil*, did him justice, in print-
 ing at the same time his own translations of him, which
 were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great
 resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the *Dun-*
ciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel
 of Mr. *Dryden* and him. *Append. N. 6.*

V. 332. *Gates of Lud.* "King *Lud* repairing the
 "City, call'd it after his own name, *Lud's Town*;
 "the strong gate which he built in the west part, he
 "likewise for his own honour named *Ludgate*. In
 "the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images
 "of *Lud* and other Kings. Those images in the reign
 "of *Edward VI.* had their heads smitten off, and

Her Criticks there she summons, and proclaims

A gentler exercise to close the games.

Hear you ! in whose grave heads, as equal scales, 335

I weigh what author's heaviness prevails,

Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers;

My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ?

Attend the trial we propose to make :

If there be man who o'er such works can wake, 340

Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,

And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;

To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit

Judge of all present, past, and future wit,

To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong, 345

Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three Cambridge Sophs and three pert Templars
came,

The same their talents, and their tastes the same,

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,

And smit with love of Poesy and Prate. 350

REMARKS.

" were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen

" Mary did set new heads on their old bodies again.

" The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was

" clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded

" with images of Lud and others as afore." STOW'S
Survey of London.

V. 342. See *Hom. Odyss.* 12. *Ovid, Met.* 1.

IMITATIONS.

V. 348. *The same their talents—Each prompt, &c.]*
Virg. Ecl. 7.

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,

Et certare pares, & respondere parati.

V. 350.] *Smit with the love of sacred song—*
Milton.

The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring:
 The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum:
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone, 355
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;
 Soft, creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow; 360
 Thus oft, they rear, and oft, the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
 And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress 365
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

R E M A R K S.

V. 356. *Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c.*]
 " All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness
 " with which they proceed. It is impossible for any
 " one who has a poetical ear to read them, without
 " perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to
 " imitate the action it describes. The Simile of the
 " Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject."
 ESSAY on the DUNC. p. 21.

V. 365. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for
 his speeches on many occasions about the *South Sea*
Scheme, &c. " He is a very ingenious gentleman,

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 352. *The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.*]
 Ovid. M. 13.

Confedere duces, & vulgi stante corona.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here.
 Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
 Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. 370
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
 At what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes,
 What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest 375
 Like motion, from one circle to the rest;

REMARKS.

" and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays,
 " and *one small* piece on love, which is very pretty."
 JACOB Lives of Poets, vol. 2. p. 289. But this
 Gentleman has since made himself much more eminent,
 and personally well-known to the greatest Statesmen of
 all parties, in this nation.

V. 367. Toland and Tindal.] Two persons not
 so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Reli-
 gion of their Country. The surreptitious editions
 placed here the name of a Gentleman, who, tho' no
 great friend to the Clergy, is a man of morals and
 ingenuity. Tindal was Author of the *Rights of the
 Christian Church*: He also wrote an abusive pamphlet
 against Earl Stanhope, which was suppress'd while yet
 in manuscript by an eminent Person then out of the
 Ministry, to whom he show'd it expecting his approba-
 tion: This Doctor afterwards publish'd the same piece,
mutatis mutandis, against that very Person.

V. 368. *Christ's No kingdom, &c.*] This is scanda-
 lously said by CURL, Key to *Dunc.* to allude to a
 Sermon of a reverend Bishop. But the context shows
 it to be meant of a famous publick Orator, not more
 remarkable for his long-winded periods, than his Dis-
 affection to Ecclesiastical Hierarehy, and to the doc-
 trine that Christ's Kingdom is of *this world*.

Book II. The DUNCIAD, 131

So from the mid-mobst the hutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Old James himself unfinish'd left his tale, 380
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naso whisper'd more;

REMARKS.

V. 379. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. *Susanna Centlivre*, wife to Mr. *Centlivre*, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a song (says Mr. *Jacob*, vol. 1. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. *Pope's Homer* before he begun it.

V. 381. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er.*] *A. Boyer*, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. — *William Law*, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage, Mr. *Dennis* answer'd with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. *Law* affirm'd that “the Playhouse is the Temple of the Devil, the peculiar pleasure of the Devil, where all they who go, yield to the Devil, where all the Laughter is a laughter among Devils, and that all who are there are hearing Musick in the very Porch of Hell.” To which Mr. *Dennis* replied, that “there is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between *Two religious books*, the Bible and the *Aleoran*.” Then he demonstrates that “All those who had written against the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*, and did it always at a time when

IMITATIONS.

V. 378. *O'er all the sea of heads.*] Blackm. Job.
*A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrea ſprung,
 Bleſt with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung ſilent down his never-blufhing head; 385
 And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.

REMARKS.

“ ſomething was to be done for the *Pretender*. Mr. Collier publiſh'd his *Short View*, when France declar'd for the *Chevalier*; and his *Diffuaſive*, juſt at the great *Storm*, when the deſtroyation which that Hurricane wrought had amazed and aſtoniſhed the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and deſponding thoughts: Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flatter'd themſelves were deſign'd in their favour: And as for Mr. Bedford's *Serious Remonſtrance*, tho' I know nothing of the time of publiſhing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke D'Aumont's being at *Somerset-houſe*, or upon the late *Rebellion*.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* againſt Mr. Law, pag. ult.

V. 383. Norton.] Norton de Foe, ſaid to be the natural offſpring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the *Flying-Post*, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abus'd with his betters, and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers to which he never ſet his name, in a due fear of Laws and Cudgels. He is now writing the *Life of Colonel Charteris*.

IMITATIONS.

V. 386. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the *Indian Emperor*,
All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.

Book II. The DUNCIAD. 133

Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumbring visit, and convey to stews : 390
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate :
 How Laurus lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink :
 While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet 395
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

R E M A R K S.

V. 394, *And to mere mortals, seem'd a Priest in drink.*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances*; a lesson to all men who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspir'd in this posture, (*On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inspir'd, and the like*) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal. How little the prophane author of the *Characters of the Times* printed 1728. regarded this admonition, appears from these words pag. 26. (speaking of the reverend Mr. *Laurence Eusteden*) "A most worthy successor of *Tate* in the Laureatship, a man of insuperable modesty, since certainly "it was not his Ambition that led him to seek this "illustrious post, but his Affection to the Perquisite of "Sack."

A reflection as mean as it is scandalous !

SCRIBLERUS,

V. 395. *Fleet.*] A Prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the T H I R D.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness lap th'Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads, refin'd from reason, know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:

R E M A R K S O N B O O K the T H I R D.

V. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet
 nods,*

He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods.

Virg. Æn. 7.

*Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
 Colloquio* —

Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chymist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' Elyzian shade.
There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

REMARKS.

dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the Present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlighten'd, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever Arts and Sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again at the end of the Vision repeated this monition, saying that it all pass thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits.*] *Bavius* was an ancient Poet, celebrated by *Virgil* for the like cause as *Tibbald* by our author, tho' not in so christian-like manner: For

IMITATIONS.

V. 15. *There in a dusky vale, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Videt Æneas in valle reducta

Seclusum nemus.

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.

V. 16. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of *Thetis* dipping *Achilles* to render him impenetrable.

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

Lustrabat

Virg. Æn. 6.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light, 20

REMARKS.

heathenishly it is declared by *Virgil* of *Bavius*, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit* — whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and mercifulness, thro' the whole course of this poem.

Mr. *Dennis* warmly contends that *Bavius* was no inconsiderable author; nay, that “ he and *Mævius* “ had (even in *Augustus's* days) a very formidable “ Party at *Rome*, who thought them much superior “ to *Virgil* and *Horace*: For (saith he) “ I cannot “ believe they would have fix'd that eternal brand “ upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more “ than ordinary credit.” Rem. on *Pr. Arthur*, part 2. c. 1. (An argument which if this Poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.) In like manner he tells us of *Settle*, that “ he was once a formidable Rival to Mr. *Dryden*, “ and that in the University of *Cambridge* there were “ those who gave him the preference.” Mr. *Wells* goes yet farther in his behalf. “ Poor *Settle* was formerly the *Mighty Rival* of *Dryden*: nay, for many “ years, bore his Reputation above him.” [*Pref. to his Poems*, 8^o. p. 51.] And Mr. *Milbourn* cry'd out, “ How little was *Dryden* able, even when his blood “ run high, to defend himself against Mr. *Settle*!” *Notes on Dryd. Virg.* p. 175. These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 20. *Brown and Mears.*] Booksellers, Printers for *Tibbald*, Mrs. *Haywood*, or any body. — The

IMITATIONS.

V. 20. *Unbar the gates of Light.*] — *Milton.*

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly, 25
 As thick as eggs, at Ward in Pillory.

REMARKS.

Allegory of the souls of the Dull coming forth in the form of Books, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

V. 26. Ward in Pillory.] *John Ward* of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of Febr. 1727. Mr. Curl looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great act of Barbarity- *Key to the Dunc.* 3d Edit. p. 16. And another Author thus reasons upon it. *Durgen*, 8°. pag. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? It was in vain! he had no Eggs thrown at him; his *Merit* preserv'd him. What cou'd move the Poet thus to mention a brave Sufferer, a gallant Prisoner, expos'd to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his Senses, it was committing a Crime for which the Law is deficient not to punish him! nay a Crime which Man can scarce forgive, nor Time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," (to whom this brave, honest, worthy

IMITATIONS.

V. 23. Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.]
 Virg. 6..

*Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.*

T

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,
 (His only suit) for twice three years before : 30
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son,

REMARKS.

Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, &c.)

V. 28. *And length of Ears.*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here : I believe I may say the same of the Criticks ; *Dennis, Oldmixon, Welford*, have pass'd it in silence : I have always stumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons ? I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head run on the *Pillory* mention'd two lines before : It is therefore amazing that Mr. *Curl* himself should overlook it ! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned *Mist* also read it thus, is plain, from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's Face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *Ear* to be a part ;) So likewise *Concanen, Ralph*, the *Flying-Post*, and all the Herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little Sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.
 See how easy a change ! of one single letter ! That Mr. *Settle* was old is most certain, but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. *This Note partly Mr. THEOBALD, partly SCRIBLERUS.*

Oh born to see what none can see awake ! 35
 Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ;
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former, as to future Fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state ? 40
 Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid ?
 And all who since, in mild benighted days, 45
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays ?
 As man's mæanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring ;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again : 50
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee center, from thee circulate.
 For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :

IMITATIONS.

V. 46. *Mix'd the Owl's Ivy with the Poet's Bays.*]
 Virg. Ec. 8.

— *sine tempora circum*

Inter viatrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

V. 53. *For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]

This has a resemblance to that passage in *Milton*, l. 11,
 where the Angel

To nobler sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The film ; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue

The visual nerve—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that
 whole part.

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind, 55
 Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands. 60
 See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
 (Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd;
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun 65
 And orient Science at a birth begun.
 One man immortal all that pride confounds,
 He, whose long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.
 Heav'ns! what a pyle? whole ages perish there:
 And one bright blaze turns Learning into air. 70

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise,
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their Physick of the Soul.

R E M A R K S.

V. 42. *Might from Bœotian, &c.*] See the Remark on Book I. V. 23.

V. 61, 62. *See round the Poles, &c.*] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in Ignorance.

V. 65.] Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

V. 69.] *Chi Ho-am-ti*, Emperor of *China*, the same who built the great wall between *China* and *Tartary*, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Book III. The DUNCIAD. 141

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball, 75
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies,
 Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
 Lo where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of Snows, 80
 The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.
 See Alaric's stern port, the martial frame
 Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !
 See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ; 85
 See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul.
 See, where the Morning gilds the palmy shore,
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep ;
 And all the Western world believe and sleep.
 Lo Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore ;
 Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread, 95
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head ;

R E M A R K S.

V. 73, 74.] The *Caliph*, Omar I. having conquer'd *Ægypt*, caus'd his General to burn the *Ptolemaean* library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *Medicina Animæ, The Physick of the Soul.*

V. 88. The *Soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] *Phœnicia*, *Syria*, &c. where *Letters* are said to have been invented. In these Countries *Mahomet* began his Conquests.

Padua with sighs beholds her Livy burn,
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilus mourn.
 See, the Cirque falls! th' unpillar'd Temple nods!
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods!
 Till Peter's Keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;

REMARKS.

V. 94. *Thund'ring against Heathen lore.* A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account. *John of Salisbury* gives a very odd Encomium to this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him. *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Mathesin jussit ab aulâ; sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ pagine gratior esset locus, & major auctoritas, & diligentia studiosior.* *Desiderius* Archbishop of Vienna was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; Because (says this Pope) *in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit, Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest to have burn'd Livy; *Quia in superstitionibus & sacris Romanorum perpetuò versatur.* The same Pope is accus'd by *Vossius* and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome shou'd give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to Holy Things. BAYLE, *Dict.*

V. 101. *(Till Peter's Keys some christen'd Jove adorn, &c.)* After the Government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, 105
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been. 110

In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword?
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!

And see! my son, the hour is on its way, 115
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

REMARKS.

demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the *Goths* scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spar'd some of the Temples by converting them to Churches, and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of *Apollo* and *Pallas* on the tomb of *Sannazarius*, into *David* and *Judith*; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of *Holofernes*.

V. 110. *Happy—had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating *Easter*.

IMITATIONS.

V. 110. *Happy—had Easter never been.*] Virg. Ecl. 6.
Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.

Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!

What aids, what armies, to assert her cause? 120

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!

Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye

In homage, to the Mother of the sky,

Surveys around her in the blest abode 125

A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd

Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round,

And Her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,

Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce. 130

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.

With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!

And a new Cibber shall the Stage adorn.

IMITATIONS.

V. 119, 121. Now look thro' Fate — See all her
Progeny — &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

*Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expeditam —*

V. 123. As Berecynthia, &c.] Virg. ib.

*Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygiæ tarrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.*

V. 131. Mark first the youth, &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

*Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca. —*

V. 133. With all thy Father's virtues blest be born!]

A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. 8.

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age Lucifer —

As also that of patriis virtutibus. Ecl. 4.

Book III. The DUNCIAD.

145

A second see, by meeker manners known, 135
 And modest as the maid that sips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,
 And answ'ring Gin-shops sower sighs return! 140
 Lo next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
 In lofty madness, meditating song,
 With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams:
 Haywood, Centlivre, Glories of their race! 145
 Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face;

REMARKS.

V. 145. *Haywood, Centlivre.*] See book 2.

V. 146. *Lo Horneck's fierce and Roome's funereal face.*] This stood in one edition *And M—'s ruful face.* But the person who suppos'd himself meant, applying to our author in a modest manner, and with declarations of his innocence, he removed the occasion of his uneasiness. At the same time promising to "do the like to any other who could give him the same assurance, of having never writ scurrilously against him."

V. 146. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers;

IMITATIONS.

V. 137. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

— *si qua fata aspera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus erit! —

V. 139. *Thee shall each Ale-house, &c.*] Virgil again, *Ecl.* 10.

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevire myricæ, &c.

Lo sneering G * * de, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

REMARKS.

and one wou'd think prophetically, since immediately after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The first was *Philip Horneck*, Author of a Billingsgate paper call'd *The High German Doctor*, in the 2d Vol. of which N^o. 14. you may see the regard he had for Mr. P—. *Edward Roome*, son of an Undertaker for Funerals in *Fleetstreet*, writ some of the papers call'd *Pasquin*, and Mr. *Ducket* others; where by malicious *Innuendos* it was endeavour'd to represent him guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. He since reflected on his, and Dr. *Swift's* *Miscellanies*, in his paper call'd the *Senator*.

V. 147. G * * de.] An ill-natur'd Critick who writ a Satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, to be father'd by *James Moore*. As it is yet unprinted, we have not set his name at length.

V. 149. Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe.] This Gentleman is son of a considerable *Maltster* of *Romsey* in *Southamptonshire*, and bred to the Law under a very eminent *Attorney*: who, between his more laborious Studies, has diverted himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasion'd him to try his genius that way—He has writ in prose the *Lives* of the Poets, *Essays*, and a great many Law-Books, *The Accomplish'd Conveyancer*,

IMITATIONS.

V. 150.] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

—duo fulmina belli

Scipiadas, cladem Lybiæ!

Book III. The DUNCIAD. 147

Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame?
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream, like the winding of ten thousand Jacks:
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check, 155
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons, of a Curl.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him ye owls! 160
 Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way—and Durgen may be read.

REMARKS.

Modern Justice, &c. GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovok'd, abused in that book the Author's Friend Mr. Gay.

V. 151. Bond and Foxton.] Two inoffensive offenders against our poet; persons unknown, but by being mention'd by *Curl*.

V. 159. *Ralph*.] A name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece call'd *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. *Swift*, Mr. *Gay*, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled *Night*, a *Poem*. Shakespear, *Hamlet*.

—*Visit thus the glimpses of the Moon,*
Making Night hideous—

This low writer constantly attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular prais'd himself highly above Mr. *Addison*, in wretched remarks upon that Author's account of English Poets, printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatick poetry before he began a Play, he smiled and reply'd, *Shakespear writ without rules*.

V. 162. *Durgen*.] A ridiculous thing of *Ward's*.

Flow Wellsted, flow ! like thine inspirer Beer,
 Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ;
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ; 165
 Heady, not strong ; and foaming, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis ! Gildon ah ! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war. 170

Embrace, embrace my Sons ! be foes no more !
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
 How like their manners, and how like their mind !

IMITATIONS.

V. 163. *Flow, Wellsted, flow ! &c.*] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill.

*O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme.
 Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.*

V. 171. *Embrace, embrace my Sons ! be foes no more.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

*Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires :
 Tuq; prior, tu parce — sanguis meus ! —*

V. 173. *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

*Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 Concordes animæ —
 And in the fifth,
 Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,
 Nisus amore pio pueri.*

Fam'd for good nature, B** and for truth; 175.

D** for pious passion to the youth.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,

Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

REMARKS.

V. 175. *Fam'd for good nature B**, &c.*

*D**, for pious passion to the youth.]*

The first of these was son of the late Bishop of S. Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concern'd in another call'd *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused (particularly with the late Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester.) They also join'd in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Dogrel*, printed by *Wilkins* 1715. And Mr. D. writ an Epilogue for *Powel's* Puppet-show, reflecting on the same work. Mr. *Curl* gives us this further account of Mr. B. "He did himself write a Letter to the E. of *Halifax*, informing his Lordship (as he tells him) of what he knew much better before: And he published in his own name several political pamphlets, A certain information of a certain discourse, A second Tale of a Tub, &c. All which it is strongly affirmed were written by Colonel *Ducket*." *CURL*, Key, p. 17. But the author of the *Characters of the Times* tells us, these political pieces were not approv'd of by his own Father, the Reverend Bishop.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen, the world has heard no more than it wou'd of Mr. *Pope's*, had their united laudable endeavours discourag'd him from his undertakings. How few good works had ever appear'd (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters came into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the Serpents should have strangled one *Hercules* in his cradle?

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,

That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

180

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent,

“ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?

REMARKS.

V. 176 — [*for pious passion to the youth.*] The verse is a literal translation of *Virgil*, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and here, as in the original, apply'd to Friendship: That between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allow'd to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think something farther. “ Sir, you are known to have all that “ affection for the beautiful part of the creation which “ God and Nature design'd.—Sir, you have a very “ fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children,”—&c. [*Dedic. to Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article; he had taken into his head that ever since some *Books* were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian Opera* had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, “ that he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable “ at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is “ spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing “ mens minds to the natural desire of women.” DEN-

IMITATIONS.

V. 181. *But who is he, &c.*] *Virg. Æn. 6.* questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*,
Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaq; menta, &c.

Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

NIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author has solemnly declared to me, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

V. 184. Wormius *bight*,] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Herne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are ancient words here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same: We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practise the like praise is given to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* by Mr. *Herne* himself. [*Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester.*] Artic. BEHETT; "others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used "excellently well by *Tho. Norton* in his translation into metre of the 116 Psalm, verse 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,

That I to him BEHIGHT.

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding
"the propriety of the word (which is *Truly English*,
"from the *Saxon*) have most unwarrantably alter'd it
"thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows,

With joy and great delight.

V. *ibid.*—HIGHT, "In *Cumberland* they say to
"bight, for to *promise* or *vow*; but HIGHT usually
"signifies *was call'd*: and so it does in the North
"even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in
Cumberland. HERNE, *ibid.*

V. 183. AREDE.] *Read* or *peruse*; tho' sometimes
used for *counsel*, "READE THY READ, take thy coun-

To future ages may thy dulness last, 185
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poreing Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who like Owls see only in the dark,

REMARKS.

"*Jaile.* Thomas Sternholde in his translation of the
"first Psalm into *English* metre, hath *wisely* made use
"of this word,

*The man is blest that bath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.*

"But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms
"the word READ is changed into *men*. I say spurious
"editions, because not only here, but quite through-
"out the whole book of Psalms, are strange altera-
"tions, all for the worse! And yet the title-page
"stands as it us'd to do! and all (which is abomina-
"ble in any book, much more in a sacred work) is
"ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and
"others! I am confident, were Sternhold and Hop-
"kins now living, they would proceed against the
"innovators as cheats—A liberty which, to say no
"more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no
"means to be permitted or approved of, by such as
"are for *Uniformity* and have any regard for the old
"English Saxon tongue. HERNE, *Gloss. on Rob. of*
"Gloc. *Art. rede.*

I do herein agree with Mr. H. Little is it of avail
to object, that such words are become *unintelligible*.
Since they are *Truly English*, men ought to understand
them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all
alterations in a Language, *strange, abominable, and un-*
warrantable. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our
Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a
precious ointment upon good old *Wormius* in this
place.

V. *ibid. Myster wight.*] Uncouth mortal.
V. 188. *Wits, who like Owls, &c.*] These few
lines exactly describe the right verbal Critick: He is

A Lumberhouse of Books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read ! 190

But, where each Science lifts its modern Type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show
Dishonest fight ! his breeches rent below ;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley stands, 195
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

REMARKS.

to his author as a Quack to his patients, the more they suffer and complain, the better he is pleas'd ; like the famous Doctor of that sort, who put up in his bills, *He delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some-body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

V. 195 ——— *Lo ! Henley stands, &c.*] *J. Henley*, the Orator ; he preach'd on the sundays Theological matters, and on the wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaim'd some years unpunish'd against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. *WELSTED*, in *Oratory Transactions*, N^o 1. publish'd by *Henley* himself, gives the following account of him. " He was born at *Melton Mowbray* in *Leicestershire*. From his own Parish school he went to *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*. He began there to be uneasy ; for it shock'd him to find he was commanded to believe against his judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. — Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian Religion in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood." He came to town, and after having for some years

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While K **, B **, W **, preach in vain. 200

REMARKS.

been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church we are told " was the envy " of others, and a disrelish entertain'd of him, because " *he was not qualify'd to be a compleat Spaniel.*" However he offer'd the service of his pen, in one morning, to two Great men of opinions and interests directly opposite ; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and stiled himself the *Restorer of ancient Eloquence*. He thought " it as lawful to take a " licence from the King and Parliament at one place, " as another ; at *Hick's hall*, as at *Doctors Commons* ; so set up his Oratory in *Newport-Market*, *Butcher-row*. There (says his friend) " he had the " *assurance* to form a Plan which no mortal ever " thought of ; he had success against all opposition ; " challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and " *none would dispute with him* ; writ, read and studied " twelve hours a day ; compos'd three dissertations " a week on all subjects ; undertook to teach in *one* " *year* what Schools and Universities teach in *five* ; " was not terrify'd by menaces, insults or satyrs, but " still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put " *the Church and all that, in danger.*" WELSTED, *Narrative*, in *Orat. Transact.* No. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his Rhetorick to Buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room ; where sometimes he broke Jest, and sometimes that Bread which he call'd the *Primitive Eucharist*.—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers : The device, a Star rising to the Meridian, with this Motto, AD SUMMA ; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM.

Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall, 205
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Thou too, great Woolston! here exalt thy throne,
 And prove, no Miracles can match thy own. 210

Yet oh my sons! a father's words attend:
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours, a Bacon, or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's Genius, or a Seraph's flame:
 But O! with one, immortal One dispense, 215
 The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense!
 Content, each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for You to hate. 220
 Persist, by all divine in Man un-aw'd,
 But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.

REMARKS.

V. 208. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see book 2. *Tho. Woolston*, an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel; in the years 1726, &c.

V. 222. *But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]
Virg. Æn. 6. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a stupid one,

Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos!

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire: 225
 See now, what Dulness and her sons admire;
 See what the charms that finite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art,

He look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies: 230
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball, 235
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own;
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns: 240

REMARKS.

V. 229.—*a fable Sorc'rer.*] Dr. *Faustus*, the subject of a sett of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Play-houses strove to outdo each other in the years 1726, 1727. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

V. 233. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth.*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*.

IMITATIONS.

V. 240. *And other planets.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.
 ————— *solémque suum, sua sydera norunt.*

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies,
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo ! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought : 245
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
 wrought ?

Son ! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more ? In yonder cloud behold,
 Whose farcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold, 250
 A matchless youth : His nod these worlds controuls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :

I M I T A T I O N S.

V. 242. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the
 skies.*] Hor.

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

V. 247. *Son ! what thou seek'st is in thee.*]

Quod petis in te est—

Ne te quæsieris extra.

Perf.

V. 252. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like *Sal-*
moneus in *Æn.* 6.

Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur olympi.

—Nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat æquorum.

V. 254. — *o'er all unclassic ground.*] alludes to
 Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of Italy,

Poetick fields incompass me around,

And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

As verse 260 is a Parody on a noble one of the same
 Author in the *Campaign* ; and verse 255, 256. on two
 sublime verses of Dr. X.

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher, 255
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
 Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. 260

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there:
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind:
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din, 265
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own. 270
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 "None but thy self can be thy parallel.

REMARKS.

V. 244. *Lo! one vast Egg.*] In another of these Farces *Harlequin* is hatch'd upon the Stage, out of a large Egg.

V. 257. *Immortal Rich.*] Mr. *John Rich*, Master of the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, was the first that excell'd this way.

V. 262. *Booth and Cibber*, two of the managers of the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*.

V. 272. *None but thy self can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unless the Play call'd the *Double Falshood* be, (as he would have it believed) *Shakespeare's*: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakespeare* to have written as bad, (which methinks in an author for whom he has a Veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.

REMARKS.

Try what *Repentance* can : what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?

—For *Cogitation*

Resides not in the man who does not *think*, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts
but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespeare*.

V. id.] The former Annotator seeming to be of
opinion that the *Double Falshood* is not *Shakespeare's*; it
is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald's* Arguments to the
contrary : First that the MS. was above sixty years
old : secondly that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he
hath heard so : thirdly, that some-body told him the
author gave it to a bastard-daughter of his : but
fourthly and above all, " that he has a *great mind*
" every thing that is good in our tongue *should be*
" *Shakespeare's*." I allow these reasons to be truly
critical ; but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that
so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor : a few
whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater
number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relic*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by *Julio*, *good Camillo's* son
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth solicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that *like him well*.

This place is corrupted : the epithet *good* is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son,
Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hours expect)
He doth solicit the return of gold.

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd, 273
Far, as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

REMARKS.

Here you have not only the *Person* specify'd, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *Time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*. — *Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd! Read it, without contradiction,

—*Horse*, that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the end.

—I must stoop to gain her,

Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside,

And turn my proud additions out of service :

Saith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality : What have his *Comparisons* here to do ? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,

And turn my proud additions out of service,

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose.

—O that a man

Could reason down this *Feaver* of the blood,

Or sooth with *words* the tumult in his heart !

Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend.

Read—this *fervor* of the blood,

Then *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend.

marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT 4. SCENE 1.

How his eyes *shake* fire ! — said by *Violante*, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

—How his eyes *take* fire !

And measure every piece of youth about me !

Ibid. That, tho' I *wore disguises* for some ends.

She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end.

Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I *were disguised* for some end.

Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise,
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: 280
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:

REMARKS.

ACT. IV. SCENE 2.

— To oaths no more give credit,
 To tears, to vows; false *both*! —
 False Grammar I'm sure. *Both* can relate but to *two*
 things: And see! how easy a change sets it right?
 To tears, to vows, false *troth* —
 I could shew you that very word *Troth*, in *Shakespear*
 a hundred times.
ib. For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
 That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet* grave.
 This I fear is of a piece with *None but itself can be its*
parallel: for the grave *puts an end* to all sorrow, it can
 then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakespear*
 where we can: I make no doubt he wrote thus,
 For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *quiet*, but the grave.
 Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger
 emphasis to *Violante's* concern. This figure is call'd
Anadyplosis. I could shew you a hundred just such in
 him, if I had nothing else to do.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 280. Annual trophies, on the *Lord Mayor's Day*;
 and monthly wars, in the *Artillery Ground*.

V. 281. *Tho' long my Party.*] *Settle*, like most Party-
 writers, was very uncertain in his political principles.
 He was employ'd to hold the pen in the *Character* of
 a *Popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narra-*
tive on the contrary side. He had managed the Cere-
 mony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680:
 then became a trooper in King *James's* army at

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race,
 'Tis the ſame rope at ſev'ral ends they twiſt, 285
 To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heav'n! that thou or Cibber e'er
 Should wag two ſerpent tails in Smithfield fair. 290
 Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
 The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
 In the Dog's tail his progreſs ends at laſt.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone, 295
 Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,

REMARKS.

Hounſlow-beath. After the Revolution he kept a Booth at *Bartlemew-fair*, where in the Droll call'd *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention. He was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there dyed, aged about 60 years.

V. 286. *To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.* *George Ridpath*, author for ſeveral years of the *Flying-Post*, a Whig-paper; *Nathaniel Miſt*, publiſher of the *Weekly Journal*, a Tory-paper.

IMITATIONS.

V. 283-84. — *With equal grace*
Our Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.
Virg. Æn. 10.
Tros Rutulūſve ſuat, nullo discrimine habebat
 — *Rex Jupiter omnibus idem,*

Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
 And licks up every blockhead in the way.
 Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
 And from each show rise duller than the last, 300
 Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
 To aid her cause, if heav'n thou can'st not bend, 305
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is thy friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for her shalt join,
 And link the Mourning-Bride to Proserpine.

REMARKS.

V. 299. *Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste.*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, *Thy dragons** and****. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean no-body but the King and Queen, and said he would insist it was so, till the Poet clear'd himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance*." [Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moore, pag. 6.]

V. 307. — *Faustus is thy friend, Pluto with Cato, &c.*] Names of miserable Farces of Tibbald and others, which it was their custom to get acted at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

IMITATIONS.

V. 305. — *If heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move —*]
 Virg. Æn. 7.

Flectere si nequea superos, Acheronta movebo.

Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire. 310

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new Abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semeles, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow, 315
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus, born to bring Saturnian times:

REMARKS.

V. 310. — *ensure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's Farce of *Proserpine* a Corn-field was set on fire; whereupon the other Playhouse had a Barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the Burnings of Hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

V. 311. *Another Æschylus appears! &c.*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his Tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrify'd that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried. Tibbald is translating this author: he printed a specimen of him many years ago, of which I only remember that the first Note contains some comparison between *Prometheus* and *Christ crucify'd*.

IMITATIONS.

V. 315. — *Like Semeles* —] See Ovid, *Met.* 3.

V. 317. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus, &c.*] Virg. *Æn.* 6.

*Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, dicum genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam* —

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mention'd book 1. ver. 26.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside, Lord-Chancellor of Plays, 320
 B * * sole Judge of Architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

V. 319. *Eusden wear the bays.*] See Book I. vers. 102.

V. 321. *B * * sole judge of Architecture sit.*] *W—m B—n—n* (late Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a Committee, to appoint some other place to sit in, while the House should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other Builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against *B—n—n*, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of *Sunderland*, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir *Christopher Wren*, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of *St. Paul's*, and lived to finish it, had been displac'd from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

V. 322. *And Namby Pamby.*] An author whose eminence in the Infantine stile obtain'd him this name. He was (saith Mr. JACOB) "one of the Wits at *Button's*, and a Justice of the Peace." But since he hath met with higher preferment in *Ireland*: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. GILDON's compleat Art of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on *the same foot with Virgil*, lest it should seem Flattery: but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." This is said of his Pastorals, of which see in the Appendix, the *Guardian*, at large. He endeavour'd

While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,

REMARKS.

to create some mis-understanding between our author and Mr. *Addison*, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. *P.* was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper call'd the *Examiner*: A falshood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roy,

Et n'a, (selon Cotin,) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy.

V. 323. *Dormitory wall.*] The Dormitory in *Westminster* was a building intended for the lodging of the King's Scholars; toward which a sum was left by Dr. *Edw. Hannes*, the rest was raised by contributions procured from several eminent persons by the interest of *Francis* late Bishop of *Rochester*, and Dean of *Westminster*. He requested the Earl of *Burlington* to be the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the Bill against that learned Prelate was brought in, which ended in his banishment. The shell being finished according to his design, the succeeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inside, which is perform'd accordingly.

V. 324. *And Jones and Boyle's united labours fall.*]

At the time when this Poem was written, the Banqueting-house of *Whitehall*, the Church and Piazza of *Covent-garden*, and the Palace and Chappel of *Somerset-house*, the works of the famous *Inigo Jones*, had been for many years so neglected as to be in danger of ruin. The Portico of *Covent-garden Church* had been just then restored and beautify'd at the expence of *Richard* Earl of *Burlington*; who, at the same time, by his publication of the Designs of that great Master and *Palladio*, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true Taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends, 325
Gay dies un-pension'd with a hundred Friends,

REMARKS.

V. 326. *Gay dies un-pension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's Fable of the *Hare and Many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which has continued many years. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*; *Trivia*, the *What d'ye call it*, &c. (printed together in 4^o. by J. Tonson) *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggars Opera*; a piece of Satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest Quality to the very Rabble: That verse of *Horace*

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum,
could never be so justly applied as to this: The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient Music or Tragedy hardly came up to it: *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were less follow'd and famous. It was acted in *London* sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renew'd the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of *England*, was play'd in many places to the 30th, and 40th time, at *Bath* and *Bristol* 50, &c. It made its progress into *Wales*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, where it was performed 24 days together. It was lastly acted in *Minorca*. The fame of it was not confin'd to the Author only; the Ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite songs of it in Fans; and houses were furnish'd with it in Screens. The person who acted *Polly*, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her *Pictures* were engraved and sold in great numbers; her *Life* written; books of *Letters* and *Verses* to her publish'd; and pamphlets made even of her *Sayings* and *Jests*.

Furthermore, it drove out of *England* the *Italian Opera*, which had carry'd all before it for ten years: That Idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critick Mr. *Dennis* by the labours and outcries

Hibernian Politicks, O Swift, thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.

Proceed great days ! till Learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more, 330
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday ;
Till Isis' Elders reel, their Pupils sport ;
And Alma Mater lye dissolv'd in Port !

REMARKS.

of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolish'd in one winter by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This remarkable period happen'd in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this Motto, *Non hæc novimus esse nihil.*

V. 327. *Hibernian politicks, O Swift ! thy doom.]* See Book i. vers. 24.

V. 328. *And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.]* He concludes his Irony with a stroke upon himself : For whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey* : in which Mr. *Broome* having ingaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. *Pope's* satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *Five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him Subscribers, to the value of *One hundred more*. The author only seems to lament, that he was imploy'd in Translation at all.

IMITATIONS.

V. 329. *Proceed great days.]* Virg. Ecl. 4.
— Incipiunt magni procedere menses.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year; 335
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold!
 With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
 Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
 Light dies before her uncreating word: 340
 As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
 The sick'ning Stars fade off th' æthereal plain;

REMARKS.

V. 337, &c. *She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold! &c.*] Here the Muse, like *Jove's Eagle*, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other Prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. (who are too good indeed to be named in such company.) Do not gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of the Instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak Agents as have been described in our poem, but remember what the *Dutch* stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflow'd, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the discernment of our Great men, the encouragement of our Patrons, and the genius of our Writers in all kinds, (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where by causing all this Vision to pass thro'

As Argus eyes, by Hermes wand oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might, 345
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
 See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,
 Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry :
 Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more : 350
 See Phyfic beg the Stagyrte's defence !
 See Metaphysic call for aid on Sence !
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Thy hand, great Dulness ! lets the curtain fall, 355
 And universal Darknes buries all.

REMARKS.

the *Ivory Gate*, he expressly in the language of poetry declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBLERUS.

V. 347. *Truth in her old cavern lye*] Alludes to the saying of *Democritus*, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well.

IMITATIONS.

V. 343. *As Argus eyes by Hermes wand oppress*] Ovid Met. i.

*Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
 Parte tamen vigilat—Vidit Cyllenius omnes
 Succubuisse oculos, &c. ibid.*

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

IMITATIONS.

V. 358. *And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies*
Virg. Æn. 6.

*Sunt geminæ somni portæ: quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera, eandenti perfectæ nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.*

F I N I S.



Enough! enough! the right hand
And thro' the Ivory Gate the /

IMITATION

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O F

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A U T H O R S of the N O T E S.

- M**R. Winstanley, { *Authors of Lives of Poets. Book*
 Mr. Giles Jacob, { i. Verse 121, 122, 126, 134.
 —B. i. v. 104, 106, 200,
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 Mr. Edm. Curl, b. i. v. 48, 240. ii. 46, 66, 116,
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 Mr. Charles Gildon, ii. 258, 134, iii. 322.
 Mr. Lewis Theobald, b. i. v. 48, 104, 106, 129, 162,
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 Mr. John Dennis, b. i. v. 61, 88, 104, 106, 162.
 ii. 111, 134, 258, 295, 382. iii. 16.
 Mr. Mift, *Publisher of the Journal*, b. i. v. 106, 129,
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 Flying-Post, b. ii. 383.
 London Journal, b. ii. and iii.
 Daily Journal, b. i. 61. &c.
 Mr. Jonathan Smedley, b. ii. 130, 295.
 Mr. John Oldmixon, b. i. 102. iii. 319.
 Mr. J. Ralph, b. i. v. 1, 28, 31. ii. 111.
 Mr. Welsted, b. iii. 16, 195.
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APPENDIX.

A a

PIECES contained in the APPENDIX.

PREFACE of the Publisher, prefixed to the five imperfect Editions of the *Dunciad*, printed at *Dublin* and *London*.

A List of Books, Papers, &c. in which our Author was abused : with the Names of the (hitherto conceal'd) Writers.

WILLIAM CAXTON his Proeme to *Aeneidos*.

VIRGIL RESTORED: Or a Specimen of the Errors in all the Editions of the *Aeneid*, by **M. SCRIBLERUS**.

A Continuation of the **GUARDIAN** (N^o 40) on Pastoral Poetry.

A Parallel of the Characters of **Mr. DRYDEN** and **Mr. POPE**, as drawn by certain of their Cotemporary Authors.

A List of all our Author's Genuine Works hitherto published.

INDEX of Memorable things in this Book.

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE *prefix'd to the five imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, printed at Dublin and London, in Octavo & Duod.*

(a) The PUBLISHER to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either

(a) *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but *Edward Ward* tells us in his Preface to *Durgen*, that "most Judges are of opinion this Preface is not of *English* Extraction but *Hibernian*, &c." He means *Dr. Swift*, who whether Publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be Author of the Poem: For when He, together with *Mr. Pope*, (for reasons specify'd in their Preface to the *Miscellanies*) determin'd to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remain'd in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatch'd from the fire by *Dr. Swift*, who perswaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore Inscribed.

in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or block-head but chance to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the *Reason* hereof, I will only observe as a *Fact*, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with (b) Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person of Mr. *Pope*. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works (which by modest computation may be about a (c) hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*; not to mention *Jersey*, *Guernsey*, the *Orcades*, those in the *New world*, and *Foreigners* who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the (d) Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better in-

(b) *Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c.*] See the List of these anonymous papers, with their dates and Authors thereunto annexed. N^o 2.

(c) *About a hundred thousand*] It is surprizing with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued Irony, was taken by these Authors. This passage among others they understood to be serious:

(d) *The Author of the following Poem, &c.*] A very plain Irony, speaking of Mr. *Pope* himself.

fight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. *Pope's* integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most *private* Authors of all the *anonymous* pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked (*e*) no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this Gentleman.

How I became possesst of it, is of no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain'd this publication: since those *Names* which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly (*f*) nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. *Pope* 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency

(*e*) The Publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever Names the Reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such: and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness or scurrility all mankind agree to have justly entitled them to a place in the *Dunciad*.

(*f*) *There is certainly nothing in his Style, &c.*] This Irony had small effect in concealing the Author. The *Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been publish'd two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. *Pope*.

of his allusions to *Virgil*, and a labor'd (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the *Roman Poet* than of the *Grecian*, and in that not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full (g) *six* years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection: and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of *Statius*, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

Ob mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,
(b) *Duncia!*

(g) *The Labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believ'd, by divers of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. *J. Ralph*, Pref. to *Sawney*, "We are told it was the labour of *six years*, with the "utmost *assiduity* and *application*: It is no great compliment to the Author's sense, to have employed so "large a part of his *Life*, &c." So also *Ward*, Pref. to *Durg*. "The *Dunciad*, as the Publisher very wisely "confesses, cost the Author *six years retirement from* "all the pleasures of life, to but half finish his abusive "undertaking—tho' it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it cou'd "be so long in hatching, &c. But the *length of time* "and *closeness of application* were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

Nevertheless the Prefacer to *Mr. Curl's Key* (a great Critick) was of a different sentiment, and thought it might be written in *six days*.

It is to be hoped they will as well understand, and answer what *Scriblerus* hath said of this Poem.

(b) The same learned Prefacer took this word to be really in *Statius*. "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*,

Hence also we learn the true *Title* of the Poem which with the same certainty as we call that of *Homer* the *Iliad*, of *Virgil* the *Aeneid*, of *Camoens* the *Lusiad*, of *Voltaire* the *Henriad* (i), we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

The D U N C I A D.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its Nature, which according to the best rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of *Elkanah Settle*, and he has fix'd it to the Mayoralty of Sir *Geo. Thorold*. But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will consider the Unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem: And I should judge they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and

"the Dunciad is formed," pag. 3. Mr. *Ward* also follows him in the same opinion.

(i) *The Henriad*.] The French Poem of Monsieur *Voltaire*, entitled *La Henriade*, had been publish'd at London the year before.

chang'd from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are than to change them for *fictional names*, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called *Codrus*, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr. W— Mr. D— Sir R— B—, &c. but now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him *Theobald*, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too *mean*, for the Hero of an Epic Poem: But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than *la Bruyere* has thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crussè que vous êtes baïssé? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, ni bel esprit? que vous êtes presentement aussi mauvais Juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage, que mechant Auteur? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, &c.
 Caracteres, Vol. I. de la Societe & de la Conversation, pap. 176. Edit. Amst. 1720.



II.

A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our Author was abused, printed before the Publication of the Dunciad: With the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satyrical on a late Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for B. Lintot. Price 6d.

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the Younger, containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a word or two upon Mr. Pope's Rape of the Locke. Anon. [Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714. Price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasion'd by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [T. Burnet and G. Duckett Esquires] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715. Price 6d.

Æſop at the Bear-garden. A Viſion in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715. Price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnabys ſorrowful Lamentation, a Ballad about Homer's Iliad [by Mrs. Centlivre and others] 1715. Price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad, by George Duckett Eſq; Printed by E. Curl.

A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, Anon. [Mr. Tb—] Printed for J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, Anon. [Messieurs Gildon and Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716. Price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay [J. D. Brevat.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717. Price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer, with two Letters concerning the Windfor Forrest and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717. Price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717. Price 6 d.

The Triumvirate, or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welfed.] Price 1 s. 1718. Folio.

The Battle of Poets, a Heroic Poem. [By Tho. Cooke] Printed for J. Roberts. Folio. 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput, Anon. [Mrs. Eliz. Haywood.] 8°. Printed 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose, by the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] 8° 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana. With an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies [By Jonathan Smedley.] Printed for J. Roberts 8° 1728. Advertised before the publication of the Dun-
ciad in the Daily Journal, April 13. 1728.

Characters of the Times, or an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several Gentlemen libell'd by S— and P— in a late Miscellany, 8° 1728. [C—l and W—d.]

Remarks on Mr. *Pope's* Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. [By Mr. *Dennis*.] Written in 1714, tho' not printed till 1728. 8°.

*Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements
in the publick Prints.*

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. [Writ by *Concanen*.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by *Philomauri*. [James Moore Smyth.]

Id. March 29. A Letter about *Thersites*, and accusing the Author of Disaffection to the Government. [James Moore Smyth.]

Miss's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poets sinking in reputation, Or a supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry [supposed by Mr. *Theobald*.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of *Philo-ditto* [by James Moore Smyth.]

Flying-Post. April 4. A Letter against *Gulliver* and Mr. P. [Mr. *Oldmixon*.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at *Twickenham*, [by J. Moore Smyth.]

Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon *Swift* and *Pope*, [by Mr. *Oldmixon*.]

The Senator, April 9. On the same, [by *Edward Roome*.]

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement [by James Moore Smyth.]

Daily Journal, *April 9.* Letter and Verses against Dr. *Swift*, [by ** Esq;]

Flying-Post, *April 13.* Verses against the same, and against Mr. P—'s *Homer*, [by *J. Oldmixon.*]

Daily Journal, *April 16.* Verses on Mr. P. [by ** Esq;.]

Id., *April 23.* Letter about a Translation of the character of *Thersites* in *Homer* [by *Tho. Cook. D—, &c.*]

Miss's Weekly Journal, *April 27.* A Letter of *Lewis Theobald.*

Daily Journal, *May 11.* A Letter against Mr. P. at large, Anon. [*John Dennis.*]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a Pamphlet entitled, A collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters and Advertisements occasion'd by *Pope* and *Swift's* Miscellanies. Prefaced by *Concanen*, Anonymous. 89. Printed for *A. Moore*, 1728. Price 1s. Others of an elder date, having layn as waste paper many years, were upon the publication of the *Dunciad* brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookfellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertizing them in this manner—*The Confederates*, a Farce, by Capt. *Breval*, (for which he is put into the *Dunciad.*) An *Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show*, by Col. *Ducket*, (for which he is put into the *Dunciad.*) Essays, &c. by Sir *Richard Blackmore*. N. B. It is for a passage in pag. — of this book that Sir *Richard* was put into the *Dunciad.*) And so of others.

After the DUNCIAD, 1728.

AN Essay on the Dunciad, 8°. Printed for *J. Roberts*. [In this book, *pag. 9.* it was formally declared “ That the complaint of the aforesaid Pieces, “ Libels, and Advertisements, was forged and untrue, “ that all mouths had been silent except in *Mr. Pope's* “ praise, and nothing against him publish'd, but, by “ *Mr. THEOBALD.*] Price 6*d.*

Sawney, in blank Verse, occasion'd by the Dunciad, with a Critique on that Poem. [By *J. Ralph*, a person never mention'd in it at first, but inserted after this.] Printed for *J. Roberts*. 8°. Price 1*s.*

A compleat Key to the Dunciad, by *E. Curl*. 12. Price 6*d.*

A second and third Edition of the same, with Additions. 12.

The Popiad, by *E. Curl*, extracted from *J. Dennis*, *Sir R. Blackmore*, &c. 12°. Price 6*d.*

The Female Dunciad, collected by the same *Mr. Curl*. 12°. Price 6*d.* With the Metamorphosis of *P—* into a stinging Nettle. [by *Mr. Foxton.*] 12°.

The Metamorphosis of *Scriblerus* into *Snarlerus*, [by *J. Smedley.*] Printed for *A. Moore*. Folio. Price 6*d.*

The Dunciad dissected, or Farmer *P.* and his Son, by *Curl*. 12°.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times, said to be writ by a Gentleman of *C. C. C. Oxon.* Printed for *J. Roberts*, 8°.

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The Arts of Logic and Rhetorick, partly taken from *Bouhours*, with new Reflections, &c. [by *John Oldmixon*.] 8°.

A Supplement to the Profund, Anon. [By *Matthew Concanen*.] 8°.

Miss's Weekly Journal, *June* 8. A long Letter sign'd *W. A.* [*A—ld, D—s, Th.* and others.]

Daily Journal, *June* 11. A Letter sign'd *Philoscriberus*, on the name of *Pope*. — Letter to Mr. *Theobald* in Verse, sign'd *B. M.* against Mr. *P.* — Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers, [by *James Moore* and others.]

Miss's Journal, *June* 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*. Flying-Post, *August* 8. Letter on *Pope* and *Swift*.

Daily Journal, *August* 8. Letter charging the Author of the *Dunciad* with Treason.

Durgen. A plain Satyr on a pompous Satyr ist. [By *Edw. Ward*, with a little of *James Moore*.]

Labeo, [a Paper of Verses written by *Leonard Welsted*.]

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised in the *Craftsman* *November* 9, 1728. with this remarkable promise, that “ *any thing which any body shou'd send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, shou'd be inserted and published as Theirs.*”



III.

*A Copy of CAXTON's Preface to
his Translation of VIRGIL.*

AFTER dyuerse Werkes, made translated and achieved, hauyng no werke in hande I sitting in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys. happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenshe. whiche late was translated oute of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerke *Vyrgyle*) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete *Troye*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fader *anchises* upon his sholdres, his lytyl son *golas* on his hande. his wyfe with moche other people followyng, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle thystorye of his aduentures that he had er he cam to the atchieuement of his conquest of *ytalye*, as all a longe shall be shewed in this present boke. In whiche booke I had grete playfyr. by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenshe Whyche I neuer sawe to fore lyke. ne none so playsaunt ne so wel ordred. whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requysyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the histories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis specyally in *ytalye* and other

places, whiche historye the sayd *Vyrgyle* made in mè-
tre, And whan I had aduyfed me in this sayd booke.
I delybered and concluded to translate it in to englyshe.
And forthwyth toke a penne and ynke and wrote a
leef or tweyne, whyche I ouersawe agayn to corecte
it, And whan I sawe the fayr & straunge termes
therein, I doubted that it sholde not please some gen-
tylmen whiche late blamed me sayeng that in my
translacyons I had ouer curyos termes whiche coude
not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me
to vse olde and homely termes in my translacyons.
and fayne wolde I satysfye euery man, and so to doo
toke an olde boke and redde therein, and certaynly the
englyshe was so rude and brood that I coude not
wele vnderstande it. And also my lorde *Abbot of West-*
mynster ded do shewe to me late certayn euydences
wryton in olde englyshe for to reduce it in to our
englyshe now vsed, And certaynly it was wryton in
suche wyse that it was more lyke to dutche than eng-
lyshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnder-
stonde, And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth
ferre from that whiche was vsed and spoken whan I
was borne, For we englyshe men, ben borne vnder
the domynacyon of the mone. whiche is neuer sted-
faste, but euer wauerynge, wexyng one season, and
waneth & dyscreaseth another season, And that co-
myn englyshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from
another. In so moche that in my dayes happened
that certayn marchants were in a ship in Tamyshe
for to haue sayled ouer the see into Zelande, and for
lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond. and wente

to lande for to refrefhe them And one of theym named
Sheffelde a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for
mete. and fpecyally he axyd after eggys And the goode
wyf answerde. that she coude fpeke no frenshe. And
the merchant was angry. for he alfo coude fpeke no
frenshe. but wolde haue hadde egges, and she vnder-
ftode hym not, And thenne at lafte another fayd that
he wolde haue eyren, then the good wyf fayd that
she vnderftod hym wel, Loo what sholde a man in
thys dayes now wryte. egges or eyren, certaynly it
is harde to playfe every man, by caufe of dyuerfite
& change of langage. For in thefe dayes euery man
that is in ony reputacyon in his contre. wyll vtter his
comynycacyon and maters in fuche maners & termes,
that fewe men fhall vnderftonde theym, And fom
honest and grete clerkes haue ben wyth me and de-
fired me to wryte the moſte curyous termes that I
coude fynde, And thus bytwene playn rude, & cury-
ous I ftande abafhed. but in my Judgemente, the co-
myn termes that be dayli vfed ben lyghter to be vn-
derftonde than the olde and ancyent englyſhe, And
for as moche as this preſent booke is not *for a rude op-
londyſhe man* to laboure therein, ne rede it, but onely
for a clerke & a noble gentylman that feleth and vn-
derftondeth in faytes of armes in loue & in noble chy-
ualrye, Therefore in a meane betwene bothe I haue re-
duced & tranſlated this fayd booke in to our englyſhe not
ouer rude ne curyous but in fuche termes as fhall be vnder-
ftanden by goddys grace accordyng to my cople. And
yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit and fyndeth
fuche termes that he can not vnderftande late hym goo

rede and lerne *Vyrgyll*, or the pyffles of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall see and vnderstonde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer, For this booke is not for euery rude and vnconnyng man to see, but to clerkys & very gentylmen that understande gentylnes and scyence. Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. For I knowleche my selfe ignorant of connyng to enpryse on me so hie and noble a werke, But I praye Mayster *John Skelton* late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of *Oxenforde* to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke. And t'addresse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycient to expowne and englyshe euery dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late translated the epyfflys of *Tulle*, and the boke of *Dyodorus Syculus*. and diuerse others werkes oute of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde langage. but in *polysshed and ornat termes* craftely, as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tullye*, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me unknown: And also he hath redde the ix muses and vnderstande theyr musicall scyences. and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or mynyshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte, For I haue but folowed my cople in frenshe as nygh as me is possyble, And yf ony worde be sayd therein well, I am glad. and yf otherwyse I submytte my sayd boke to theyr correctyon, Whiche boke I presente unto the hye born my tocomynge natu-

rall & fouerayn lord *Arthur* by the grace of God
 Prynce of *Walys*, Duke of *Cornewayll*. & Erle of
Chester first bygotten Son and heyer vnto our most
 dradde naturall & fouerayn lorde & most crysten kynge,
Henry the vij. by the grace of God kynge of *Englonde*
 and of *Fraunce* & lord of *Irelonde*, byseeching his no-
 ble grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moste hum-
 ble subget & seruant, And I shall praye vnto almyghty
 God for his prosperous encreasynge in vertue, wysedom,
 and humanyte that he may be egal wyth the most re-
 nômed of alle his noble progenytours. And so to
 lyue in this present lyf, that after this transitorye lyfe
 he and we alle may come to everlastynge lyf in heuen,
Amen :

At the end of the Book.

Here fynyssheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled by
Vyrgyle, whiche hathe be translated out of *latyne* in
 to *frenshe*, and out of *frenshe* reduced in to *Englyshe*
 by me *Wyllm. Caxton*, the xxij daye of *Juyn*. the
 yere of our lorde. M. iiij C lxxxx. The fythe yere
 of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the seuenth.



IV.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:
S E U
MARTINI SCRIBLERI
Summi Critici
CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM
S P E C I M E N :

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus
pœne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum re-
vocabimus. In singulis ferè versibus spurix occur-
runt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codi-
cibus aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque
Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea ad-
verte oculos, & his paucis frui. At si quæ sint
in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet,
syllabarum quantitates, *πρὸς ἐξέλιξιν* nostra Libro
ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris *jaçtatus* & alto,
Vi superum——

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *Aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Litora: multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto,
Vi superum——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2. vers. 512,
550.——*Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur——*Latina*
certè littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea
ab ipso nominata, Lib. 12. vers. 193—*Jaçtatus*, terris
non convenit.

II. VERS. 52.

—Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?
 —Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?
 Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.
 Et Procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86.

—Venti velut *agmine facto*
 Qua data porta ruunt—
 —Venti velut *aggere fracto*
 Qua data porta ruunt—
 Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VERS. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem* :
 Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum,
Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VERS. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
 Volvitur in caput—
 —Excutitur : pronusque *magis tèr*
 Volvitur in caput—
 Aio Virgilium aliter non scripisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Asi illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet*—

VI. VERS. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virum—
Armi hominum : Ridicule antea *Arma virum*, quæ
 ex ferro conflata, quemodo possunt natare?

VII. VERS. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas, & *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: Mirifica altera lectio Neptuni agil itatem & celeritatem exprimit; simili modo Noster de Camilla, *Æn.* 11. — *intactæ segetis per summa volaret*, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & *saxa* volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

Jam *faces* & *saxa* volant, *fugiantque Ministri*: Uti solent, instanti periculo — *Fæces*, *facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi *faces* jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum.

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*: Nugæ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & sedilia ad discumbendum dari? In quorum usum? prandentium.

X. VERS. 188.

— Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur

A tergo —

— Tres litore *corvos*

Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur

A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima:

hæc animalia in *Africa* non inveniri, quis nescit?

At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Litore, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus* Militum frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*
Error gravissimus. Corrige, — *septemque Triones.*

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *testis* succedite nostris.

Quare agite O Juvenes, *testis* succedite nostris,
Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, &
quæ unica voce et Torum & Mensam exprimebat :
Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O Ju-
venes ! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro
lepidè innuit, *Æn.* 4. v. 19.

Huic uni forsitan potui succumbere *culpæ* :

Anna ? fatebor enim, —

Corrige, *Huic uni* [*Viro* scil.] potui succumbere; Culpas

Anna ? fatebor enim, &c.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua !

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto :

Concubuerunt omnes, intentèque ora tenebant ;

Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumben-
tem : quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuere* & ora tene-
bant, tautologice dictum. In Manuscripto perquam
rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant* ; sed
magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui
jam-jam a prandio surrexit : *Pater* nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse :
hoc satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Canti-
lena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi
ascivit in hæc verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum.

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiarum regum fuere. Vel fortasse *Oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Hellenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

VERS. 5.

Eruerint Danai, Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

—Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui—

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

VERS. 7.

—Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

—Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lacrymis?—Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare; quam solummodo *a* lacrymis non temperare?

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.
Et jam nox *lumina* cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.
Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam præcipitantur, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostras*,
Et breviter Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem,

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et brevè ter Trojæ, *superumque* audire labores.

Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophën denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. Ter audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores Exposcit*: Ter enim pro sæpe usurpatur. Trojæ, *superumque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *Æn.* 2. vers. 610, &c.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque* re-
Incipiam. [fugit,

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque* re-
surgit. Resurgit multò proprius dolorem renascentem
notat, quam ut hætenus, *refugit*.

V E R S. 13.

Fracli bello, fatisque repulsi,
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificat—&c.

Tracli bello, fatisque repulsi.
Tracli & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *Fracli* frigida
[& vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis Lector, minimè peccas: Solæ enim femellæ utero gestiant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusos Insonuere cavæ*—Atque utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*.—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos* &c. Vox *scæta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, *Fœta armis*—Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando, invigilare decuisse quis putat? Incredible prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *Equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causâ, *Equum* potius quam *Equam*, *Genus* pro *Sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo,

V.

A Continuation of the GUARDIAN:
On the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum.
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

Monday, April 27, 1713.

1. **I** Designed to have troubled the Reader with no farther Discourses of *Pastorals*, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr. *Philips's*; I shall employ this Paper in Observations upon him, written in the *free Spirit of Criticism*, and without apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its Idea should be taken from the manners of the *Golden Age*, and the Moral form'd upon the representation of *Innocence*; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being

true Pastoral. In this view it will appear that *Virgil* can only have *two* of his Eclogues allowed to be such: His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of Armies, and oppressions of the Innocent; *Corydon's* criminal Passion for *Alexis* throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of Concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by (a) *Heinsius*, *Salmasius*, *Rapin*, and the Criticks in general. They likewise observe that but *eleven* of all the *Idyllia* of *Theocritus* are to be admitted as Pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for *one* or *other* of the *Reasons* abovementioned. So that when I remark'd in a former paper, that *Virgil's* Eclogues taken all together are rather *select Poems* than *Pastorals*; I might have said the same thing with no less truth of *Theocritus*. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the Criticks, *viz.* *They never meant them all for Pastorals.*

Now it is plain *Philips* hath done this, and *in this Particular* excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

3. As *Simplicity* is the distinguishing Characteristic of Pastoral, *Virgil* hath been thought guilty of too courtly a Stile; his Language is *perfectly pure*, and he often forgets he is among Peasants. I have frequently wonder'd, that since he was so conversant

(a) See *Rapin de Carm. pars 3.*

in the writings of *Ennius*, he had not imitated the *Rusticity* of the *Doric*, as well by the help of the *old obsolete Roman Language*, as *Philips* hath by the *antiquated English*: For example, might he not have said *Quoi* instead of *Cui*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath *Welladay* for *alas*, *wobilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witlefs Younglings* for *simple Lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Philips* hath of *Spencer*?

4. Mr. *Pope* hath fallen into the same error with *Virgil*. His Clowns do not converse in *all the Simplicity* proper to the country: His Names are borrow'd from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis* and *Thyrsis* on *British Plains*, as *Virgil* had done before him on the *Mantuan*. Whereas *Philips*, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of *Delicacy*; such as *Hobbinol*, *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, and *Colin Clout*.

5. So easie as Pastoral Writing may seem, (in the *Simplicity* we have described it) yet it requires great *Reading*, both of the Ancients and Moderns, to be a master of it. *Philips* hath given us manifest proofs of his *Knowledge of Books*. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some *single thoughts* of the Ancients well enough, (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University Education) but he hath dispersed them, *here and there*, without that order and method which Mr. *Philips* observes, whose *whole third Pastoral* is an instance how well he hath studied

the fifth of *Virgil*, and how judiciously reduced *Virgil's* thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of *Colin Clout* and the *Nightingale* shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in *Strada*.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce *Fruits* and *Flowers* of a *Foreign growth*, in descriptions where the Scene lies in our own Country, I did not design that observation should extend also to *Animals*, or the sensitive Life; for *Philips* hath with great judgment described *Wolves* in *England* in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a Poet slavishly confine himself (as *Mr. Pope* hath done) to one particular season of the Year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain *Spencer* neglected this Pedantry, who in his Pastoral of *November* mentions the mournful song of the *Nightingale*:

Sad Philomel her song in Tears doth sleep.

And *Mr. Philips*, by a poetical Creation, hath raised up finer beds of Flowers than the most industrious Gardiner; his *Roses*, *Endives*, *Lillies*, *King-cups* and *Daffadils* blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contempory Pastoral Writers, I shall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two *Shepherds* singing alternately?

*Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What Pleasure can the Country have for me:*

*Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all, is thine.*

Lanq. *Come Rosalind, O come; here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waft our live-long time away.*

Our other Pastoral Writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. *In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.*

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.*

In the first of these Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently describe the Behaviour of their Mistresses.

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long Eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.*

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the Sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.*

The other Modern (who it must be confessed hath a
knack of versifying) hath it as follows.

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the Plain,
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.*

Daph. *The sprightly Sylvia trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her Pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!*

There is nothing the Writers of this kind of Poetry
are fonder of, than descriptions of Pastoral Presents,
Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

*Of season'd Elm; where studs of Brass appear,
To speak the Giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd Steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's skill adorn'd.*

The other of a Bowl embossed with Figures.

~~—~~ *where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures rising from the work appear,
The various Seasons of the rolling year;
And What is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order lie.*

The simplicity of the Swain in this place, who for-
gets the name of the *Zodiack*, is no ill imitation of

Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would *Philips* have dressed this Thought in his *Doric*?

*And what that bight, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet array are seen.*

If the Reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of Particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of *Philips* with the second of his Contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two Writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to *Mr. Philips*, to discover those in which *no man can compare with him*. First, That *beautiful Rusticity*, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted.

*O woful day! O day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of Diction, the melancholy flowing of the Numbers, the solemnity of the Sound, and the easie turn of the Words, in this *Dirge*, (to make use of our Author's Expression) are extreamly elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a Shepherd utters a *Dirge* not much inferior to the former, in the following lines.

*Ab me the while! ab me! the luckless day,
Ab luckless Lad! the rather might I say;
Ab silly I! more silly than my Sheep,
Which on the flowry Plains I once did keep.*

How he still charms the ear with these *artful Repetitions* of the Epithets ; and how *significant* is the last verse ! I defy the most common Reader to repeat them, without feeling some *motions of compassion*.

In the next place I shall rank his *Proverbs*, in which I formerly observed he excels: For example,

A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss ;

And to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

— *He that late lyes down, as late will rise,*

And Sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lyes.

— *Against Ill-Luck all cunning Fore-sight fails ;*

Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

— *Nor fear, from upright Sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his *elegant Dialect*, which alone might prove him the eldest born of *Spencer*, and our only true *Arcadian*. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several *Countries*. *Spencer* seems to have been of this opinion : for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in *Wales*, where with all the Simplicity natural to that part of our Island, one Shepherd bids the other *good morrow*, in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davy, *I bid hur God-day :*

Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur, while it was day-light :

But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable Piece, which I

chanced to find among some old Manuscripts, entitled, *A Pastoral Ballad*: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the Title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral: It is composed in the *Somersetshire* dialect, and the Names such as are proper to the Country People. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no Apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

Cicily. Rager, go vetch tha (b) *Kee*, or else tha *Zun*
Will quite be go, be wore c'have half a don.

Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our Bull to bull tha Parson's Kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole Dialogue is formed upon the *Passion of Jealousie*; and his mentioning the *Parson's Kine* naturally revives the *Jealousie* of the *Shepherdes Cicily*, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, *chez was zore avraid*
When in yond Vield you kifs'd tha Parson's Maid:
Is this tha Love that once to me you zed,
When from tha Wake thou brought'st me Ginger-
[bread?

Roger. *Cicily* thou charg'st me valse,—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha Parson's Maid is still a Maid for me.

(b) That is, the *Kine* or *Cows*.

In which Answer of his are express'd at once that *Spirit of Religion*, and that *Innocence of the Golden Age*, so necessary to be observed by all Writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most *simply* in the world.

*So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
And vor her Bucket in went Cicily.*

I am loth to show my fondness for Antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient *British* Author to our present *English* Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that *Philips* hath hit into the *same Road* with this old *West Country* Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any Injustice to Mr. *Pope*, that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral Writer; since upon the whole, he is of the same class with *Moschus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of *Virgil's*, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of Poetry) they are by no means *Pastorals*, but *something better*.



VI.
A P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN.

HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS.

M^{R.} Dryden is a mere Renegado from *Monarchy*, Poetry, and good Sense. (a) A true Republican Son of a *monarchical* Church. (b) A Republican Atheist. (c) Dryden was from the beginning an αλλο-τροσελλαῖς, and I doubt not will continue so to the last. (d)

In the Poem call'd *Absalom and Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their Honourable Persons exposed, but the WHOLE NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd; It is *Scandalum Magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself. (e)

(a) Milbourn on Dryden's *Virgil*, 8°. 1698. p. 6.
(b) pag. 38. (c) pag. 192. (d) pag. 8. (e) *Whip and Key*, 4°. printed for R. Janeway 1682. Preface.

VI.
A P A R A L L E L
O F T H E
C H A R A C T E R S
O F
Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE.

Mr. POPE.

HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. *Pope* is an open and mortal *Enemy* to his *Country*, and the *Commonwealth* of *Learning*.

(a) Some call him a Popish *Whig*, which is directly inconsistent. (b) *Pope* as a Papist must be a *Tory* and *High-flyer*. (c) He is both a *Whig* and a *Tory*. (d) He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one Party in their own Sentiments. (e)

In his *Miscellanies*, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the *Privy-Council*, the Bench of *Bishops*, the Establish'd CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make sense of some

(a) *Dennis*, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. (b) *Dunciad* dissected. (c) Preface to *Gulliveriana*. (d) *Denn.* and *Gild.* Character of Mr. P. (e) *Theobald*, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.

He looks upon *God's Gospel* as a *foolish Fable*, like the *Pope*, to whom he is a pitiful Purveyor. (f) His very *Christianity* may be questioned. (g) He ought to expect more Severity than other men, as he is *most unmerciful* in his own *Reflections* on others. (h) With as good right as his *Holiness*, he sets up for *Poetical Infallibility*. (i)

MR. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all *bad matter*, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with *good metre*. (k) Mr. Dryden's Genius did not appear in any thing more than his *Versification*, and whether he is to be ennobled for *that only*, is a question? (l)

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to show that this is not that *Virgil* so admired in the Augustæan age, but a *Virgil* of another stamp, a *filly, impertinent, nonsensical* Writer. (m) None but a *Bavius*, a *Mævius*, or a *Bathyllus* carp'd at *Virgil*, and none but such unthinking Vermin *admire* his Translator. (n) It is true, *soft and easy lines* might become *Ovid's* Epistles or Art of Love—But *Virgil* who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions, not an *ambling Muse* run-

(f) Ibid. (g) Milbourn, p. 9. (h) *ibid.* p. 175. (i) pag. 39. (k) *Whip and Key*, pref. (l) Oldmixon, *Essay on Criticism*, p. 84. (m) Milbourn, pag. 2. (n) Pag. 35.

passages, they must be constru'd into ROYAL SCANDAL. (f)

He is a *Popish* Rhymester, bred up with a *Contempt* of the *Sacred Writings*. (g) His *Religion* allows him to *destroy Hereticks*, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those *unhappy Wits* whom he sacrificed to his *accursed Popish Principles*. (h) It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. *Pope* had less *Infallibility* than his *Namesake at Rome*. (i)

MR. POPE only a Versifyer,

The *smooth numbers* of the *Dunciad* are *all* that commend it, nor has it *any other merit*. (k) It must be own'd that he hath got a notable *Knack* of rhyming, and writing *smooth verse*. (l)

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The *Homer* which *Lintot* prints, does not talk like *Homer*, but like *Pope*; and he who translated him one wou'd swear had a *Hill* in *Tipperary* for his *Parnassus*, and a puddle in some *Bog* for his *Hippocrene*. (m) He has no *Admirers* among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge. (n)

He hath a *knack at smooth verse*, but without either *Genius* or good *Sense*, or any tolerable knowledge of

(f) List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8°. Printed for A. Moore, 1728. and the Preface to it, pag. 6. (g) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. (h) Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. (i) Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, pag. 9. (k) Mist's Journal, of June 8, 1728. (l) Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer. (m) Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, pag. 12. (n) Ibid.

ning on a Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a *Newmarket* racer.—He has numberless faults in his *English*, in *Sense*, in his *Author's* meaning, and in propriety of *Expression*. (o)

Mr. DRYDEN understood no *Greek* or *Latin*

Mr. *Dryden* was once, I have heard, at *Westminster School*: Dr. *Busby* wou'd have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase. (p) The meanest Pedant in *England* wou'd whip a *Lubber* of twelve for construing so absurdly. (q) The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity. (r) The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. *Dryden* did not, or would not understand his *Author*. (s) This shows how fit Mr. *D.* may be to translate *Homer* ! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the *Printer* well enough, but Εἰχως for Ἰχως must be the error of the *Author* : Nor had he art enough to correct it at the *Press*. (t) Mr. *Dryden* writes for the *Court Ladies*.—He writes for the *Ladies*, and not for use. (u)

The Translator puts in a little *Burlesque* now and then into *Virgil*, for a Ragout to his cheated *Subscribers*. (w)

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his *Subscribers*.

I wonder that any man who cou'd not but be conscious of his own *unfitness* for it, shou'd go to amuse the learned world with such an *Undertaking* ! A man

(o) Pag. 22, and 192. (p) *Milbourn*, pag. 72.
 (q) Pag. 203. (r) Pag. 78. (s) Pag. 206. (t) Pag. 19.
 (u) Pag. 124, 190, (w) Pag. 67.

English. The qualities which distinguish *Homer* are the beauties of his Diction and the *harmony of his Versification*—But this little Author who is so much in vogue, has neither *Sense* in his *Thoughts*, nor *English* in his *Expressions*. (o.)

Mr. POPE understood no *Greek*.

He hath undertaken to translate *Homer* from the *Greek*, of which he knows not *one word*, into *English*, of which he understands *as little*. (p) I wonder how this Gentleman wou'd look should it be discover'd, that he has not translated *ten verses* together in any book of *Homer* with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with *not understanding Greek*. (q) He has stuck so little to his Original, as to have his *knowledge in Greek* called in question. (r) I should be glad to know which it is of all *Homer's Excellencies*, which has so delighted the *Ladies*, and the Gentlemen who judge like *Ladies*? (s)

But he has a notable talent at *Burlesque*; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqu'd *Homer* without designing it. (t)

Mr. POPE trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat *bold*, and almost *prodigious*, for a *single man* to undertake such a work! But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the *madness* of

(o) Character of Mr. P. pag. 17. and Remarks on *Homer*, p. 91. (p) *Dennis's Remarks on Homer*, p. 12. (q) Daily Journal of April 23, 1728. (r) Supplement to the Profund. Pref. (s) *Oldmixon*, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. (t) *Dennis's Remarks*, p. 28.

ought to value his *Reputation* more than *Money*; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be *Imposed upon*, merely by a *partially and unseasonably-celebrated Name*. (x) *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. *Dryden's* Motto, tho' it should extend to *Picking of Pockets*. (y)

Names bestow'd on Mr. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty *Ape* dress'd up in a gaudy Gown—Whips put into an *Ape's* paw, to play pranks with—None but *Apish* and *Papish* Brats will heed him. *Whip and Key, Pref.*

AN ASS.] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another *Beast* that crouches under all: Mr. *Dryden*, &c. *Milb. p. 105.*

A FROG.] Poet *Squab* induc'd with Poet *Maro's* Spirit! an ugly, *croaking* kind of *Vermine*, which would swell to the bulk of an *Oxe*. Pag. 11.

A COWARD.] A *Clinias* or a *Dametas*, or a man of Mr. *Dryden's own Courage*. Pag. 176.

A KNAVE.] Mr. *Dryden* has heard of *Paul*, the *Knave of Jesus Christ*: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of *John Dryden*, *Servant to his Majesty*. Pag. 57.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited *Fool*—*Whip and Key, pref.* Some great Poets are positive *Blockheads*. *Milbourn, p. 34.*

A THING.] So little a *Thing* as Mr. *Dryden*. *Ibid. pag. 35.*

(x) *Milbourn, p. 192.* (y) *Ibid. p. 125.*

your Project: The Subscribers expectations have been rais'd in proportion to what their *Pockets have been drain'd of*. (u) *Pope* has been concern'd in *Jobbs*, and hired out his *Name* to Bookfellers. (x)

Names bestow'd on Mr. POPE.

AN APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same Idea of an *Ape*, as his face, &c. *Dennis*, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the *Lion's* skin from this little *Ass*. *Dennis's* Rem. on *Homer*. pref.

A FROG.] A *squab* short Gentleman—a little creature that like the *Frog* in the Fable, swells and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an *Oxe*. *Dennis's* Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying Coward. *Char. of Mr. P.* pag. 3.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honesty. *Ibid.*

A FOOL.] Great *Fools* will be christen'd by the names of great Poets, and *Pope* will be called *Homer*. *Dennis's* Rem. on *Homer*, p. 37.

A THING.] A little, abject *Thing*. *Ibid.* p. 8.

(u) *Burnet*, *Homerides*, p. 1, &c. (x) *British Journal*, Nov. 25, 1727.

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A

L I S T

O F

All our AUTHOR'S Genuine Works.

THE Works of Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, in quarto and folio. Printed for *Jacob Tonson* and *Bernard Lintot*, in the year 1717. This Edition contains whatsoever is his, except these few following, which have been written since that time.

INSCRIPTION to Dr. *Parnel's* Poems; To the Right Honourable ROBERT Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER.

VERSES on Mr. ADDISON'S Treatise of *Medals*, first printed after his death in Mr. *Tickel's* Edition of his Works.

EPITAPHS: On the Honourable *Simon Harcourt*: on the Honourable *Robert Digby*: on Mrs. *Corbett*; and another intended for Mr. *Rowe*.

THE WHOLE ILIAD of HOMER, with the PREFACE, and the NOTES, (except the *Extracts* from *Eustathius* in the four last volumes, made by Mr. *Broome*; and the *Essay* on the *Life* and *Writings*;

of *Homer*, which tho' collected by our Author, was put together by Dr. Parnell.)

TWELVE BOOKS of the ODYSSEY, with some parts of other Books; and the *Dissertation* by way of *Postscript* at the end.

The *Preface* to Mr. Tonson's Edition of SHAKESPEAR.

MISCELLANIES. by Dr. Swift and our Author, &c. Printed for B. Motte.

And some *Spectators* and *Guardians*.



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*W*ARD, *Edw.* a Poet and Alehouse-keeper in *Moorfields*, Book i. verse 200.

—His high opinion of his Namefake,—and his respect for the Pillory, iii. 26.

WELSTED (*Leonard*) one of the Authors of the Weekly Journals, abused our Author, &c. many years since, ii. 295. And afresh, *ibid.* Taken by *Dennis* for a Didapper, *ibid.* The Character of his Poetry, ii. 295. iii. 163.

WOOLSTON (*Tho.*) encourag'd to assist *Henley* in propagating the faith, iii. 209. Some Advice to them, iii. 211.

Weekly Journals by whom written? ii. 270. 281.

Whirligigs, iii. 49.

F I N I S.



M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori.

TH E *Errata* of this Edition we thought (gentle reader) to have trusted to thy candor and benignity, to correct with thy pen, as accidental faults escaped the press: But seeing that certain censors do give to such the important name of *corruptions of the text and false readings*, charge them on the editor, and judge that correcting the press is to be called *restoring*, and an atchievement that brings honour to the Critic; we have in like manner taken it upon our selves.

Book i. Verse 8. *E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'ers head:*) *E'er* is the contraction of *ever*, but that is by no means the sense of this place. Correct it, without the least scruple, *E're*, which is the contraction of *or-ere*, an old english word for *before*.—
What ignorance of our Mother tongue!

Book i. Remark on Verse 1. Thou findest *Latina* for *Lavina*. Verse 3. Imit. *mutasti* for *mutastis*. Verse 39. Imit. *alta* for *altæ*. Book ii. Verse 250. Imit. *Audiit & Trivia*, for *Triviæ*. Verse 261. Imit. *Effluit*, for *influit*. Book iii. Verse 252. Imit. *æquorum*, for *equorum*. Appendix, pag. 201. l. 29. *utero gestiant*, for *gestant*. l. 30. *recusos*, for *recusso*. What unskilfulness in Latin!

Book i. 120. Imit. *Miraturq; frondes novas*, for *novas frondes*. Ver. 191. Rem. *Romuleo recens horrebat regio culmo*, for *Romuleoq; retens horrebat regia culmo*. Book ii. Ver. 233. Imit. *Non inter nos*, for *Non nostrum inter vos*. Ver. 261. Imit. *Eridanus rex fluviorum*, for *Fluviorum rex Eridanus*. Strange ignorance in Quantity!

Book i. 146. Imit. *Ἀρχόμεθα*, for *αρχόμεθα*, was ever a circumflex put on the antepenultima? Ibid. *Μεταί* for *Μέται*. Book ii. 88. Imit. *ἄμα θιόηο*

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for *Θέλω*.----*μαχαρῶσι θεοῖσιν*, for *μαχαρῶσι θεοῖσιν*. Ver. 295. Rem. *Βαθῦς* for *Βάθυσ*. Want of understanding in the *Greek*!

After so shameful mistakes in *Greek*, *Latin*, *English*, Quantity, Accent, Grammar; we must not wonder at other literal errors, too numerous to be mentioned. But we cannot pass by the careless manner of spelling, sometimes *Satyr*, sometimes *Satire*, in the Notes, probably from the different orthography of the various annotators, however no excuse for the Editor, who shou'd have spelled it constantly *Satire*.

In our Prolegomena, pag. 20. lin. 15. for *whether* his *were fair or brown*, read, *whether* his *Author were fair or brown*, &c. pag. 27. l. 5. after *Miss's Journal*, June 8. add the date of the year, 1728. Pag. 28. l. 26. for, *never made publick till by Curl their own bookseller*, read, *never made publick till in their own Journals, and by Curl their own bookseller*. In the *Poem*, pag. 112. Rem. l. 4. for *near ten years*, read *near twenty years*. But this, kind reader, being only matter of *fact*, not of *criticism*, be so candid as to impute merely to the error of the Printer. *Vale & fruere*.

